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The Mercury

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Established June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and is the only one printed in the English language. It is a large, quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

TORPEDO STATION RUMORS

The Newport Torpedo Station is again in the limelight. The Director of the Budget has told the Navy Department to make a cut of some \$70,000,000 in its estimate for the next fiscal year, and this cut gave rise to a rumor that the Torpedo Station would be closed entirely. However, the report seems on the face of it to be entirely unwarranted, and Captain Earle, commanding the Torpedo Station, has stated that in his belief the Station will be continued and there is even a possibility that its activities may be increased.

It does not seem reasonable that the Station will be closed. Only recently all torpedo activities were removed to the Newport Station, other stations being closed. This means that whatever torpedo work is done anywhere will be done at Newport, and it is not reasonable to suppose that even a small navy can not get along without torpedoes. On the other hand, new torpedo models are being developed, both for use on ships, and on airplanes, and these will give employment to many men.

As far as the Training Station is concerned, the reports are very encouraging. There will be but three Training Stations—one on the Pacific Coast, one on the Great Lakes, and one at Newport. This means that the Newport station will be continued and will probably grow. There is even a possibility that more of the activities from Hampton Roads will be transferred here.

The Rhode Island delegation in Congress is active in the interests of Newport, and the Navy League, of which Marion Eppley is the President, is doing all it can to preserve the navy from reduction below the danger point.

RED CROSS FUNDS

Officers of the local Chapter of the Red Cross are still working hard to raise funds for the relief of the Japanese sufferers. Over \$12,000 has already been pledged, but it is hoped that \$15,000 may be raised, which will be about double the quota allotted to the city.

Appeals have been sent out through the mails and through the newspapers, and the response has been quick. One of the very first contributions was for \$5000, and this helped very materially to swell the fund. However, all classes of people have contributed, the amount ranging from the \$5000 down to a few cents. All is gratefully received.

There was a very interesting talk on Prisons at the rooms of the Art Association on Thursday morning, the speaker being Thomas Mott Osborne, formerly warden of Sing Sing Prison, and widely known for his labors for prison reform. He proved a very interesting and fluent speaker with a fund of detail at his command. He condemned the present system of politics in penal institutions in unmeasured terms, and said that there could be no great improvement in our system until politics is eliminated.

Rev. Augustus P. Record, D. D., now of Detroit, Mich., preached at the Channing Memorial Church last Sunday, and was warmly greeted by many of his old friends in Newport.

Captain Frank Taylor Evans, commandant of the Naval Training Station, does not expect to receive his orders for sea duty until next spring.

NEWPORT COUNTY FAIR

Next Monday the superintendents and secretaries of the various departments of the Newport County Fair will be extremely busy receiving and arranging the exhibits. It is expected that there will be a larger number of competitors for the various premiums than ever before. A separate entry list has been prepared for the cattle department under Superintendent Sumner D. Hollis, showing some of the finest pure-bred cattle from this part of New England.

Big preparations are being made for Merchants' day, which will be next Tuesday, the opening day of the Fair. A large attendance is expected. Many of the retail establishments in Newport will be closed at noon, although a few will probably remain open as a protest against the method adopted by the Chamber of Commerce for the closing.

The Merchants Parade will start from Washington Square at 1.30 and some very spectacular decorations are expected. Prizes have been offered for the vehicles as well as for passenger automobiles.

Special features have been arranged for the remaining three days of the Fair and it is safe to say that there will be something doing all the time. Governor Flynn is expected on Thursday, which will be Governor's Day, and he will be received with full military honors from the Battalion of Naval Apprentices from the Training Station.

A feature of the afternoons will be the concerts given by the Training Station Band, while the Premier Orchestra will play for the dancing in the evening. Friday, the closing day of the Fair, will see special attractions for the children.

SCHOOLS RE-OPENED

The public schools re-opened for the fall term on Monday with a large attendance. At the Rogers High School the number of pupils was a record-breaker for the opening day, being almost equal to the total for last year. Headmaster Fred P. Webster and Sub-master Fred W. Johnson had their plans carefully prepared for the reception of the pupils and the details were carried out without a hitch, but it meant very nearly 48 hours of continuous labor on the part of the two masters.

When the High School opened the pupils were gathered in the Assembly Hall, and all stood for a minute in complete silence in memory of the late Headmaster, Frank E. Thompson. During that time not a sound was heard in the large assemblage of about 1000 persons.

The cigar factory is progressing well and the product will soon be put on the market. There are now about 180 women employed there, and the management is desirous of securing at least 80 more. While the wages while learning are only six dollars a week, proficient workers will be able to earn real money when they once learn the details, the pay being by piece work. Some of the early applicants for jobs became discouraged quickly and left, but new ones are coming along regularly and it is believed that there will be plenty of help available. The pay roll will soon be a substantial addition to the weekly income of the city.

Two large wholesale lobster concerns doing business in Newport suffered a severe loss on Sunday, when an immense quantity of lobsters confined in their lobster cars in the inner harbor were killed by a tarry scum floating on the surface of the water. One company estimates its loss at over \$4000 and the other at over \$1500. It is claimed by the lobstermen that the deadly substance came from the gas works, and attorneys have been consulted with a view to bringing action for damages.

The ferryboat Bristol of the Newport and Providence Railway has been laid up for a time because of an accident while docking on the Bristol side last Sunday evening. An accident to the steering mechanism caused her to crash into the dock. Considerable damage was done to the slip, and the rudder of the boat was injured.

The Jewish residents of Newport observed their New Year on Tuesday, special services being held in the Synagogue. All of the business places conducted by members of that faith were closed on Tuesday and most of them on Wednesday. There will be another Jewish holiday next Thursday, the fast day of Yom Kippur.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE

The monthly meeting of the school committee was held on Monday evening, the first day of school. There was a great deal of business to be considered, but Superintendent Lull had no formal report, speaking verbally on the conditions as he found them on the opening day. He gave the total enrollment as 4128 as compared with 4097 last year. The Rogers High School shows a large increase, reporting an enrollment of 939, while last year it was only 898. Some changing around was necessary in order to assure comfortable accommodations for each pupil, and this meant a little hardship in some cases. Mr. Lull spoke of the necessity for additional accommodations at the Potter school and was directed to look into the matter and report later.

There was considerable discussion regarding the newer buildings of the department—the repaired Rogers High School, the High School extension, and the Sheffield School. Several members spoke of things that are needed at these buildings and it was voted to ask the board of aldermen when the work would be completed and the buildings turned over to the school department in accordance with the vote of the people. One of the matters that came in for unfavorable comment was that the grounds of the Sheffield School had not yet been graded, although much time has elapsed.

For the committee on buildings, Mr. Bacheller called attention to the depredations by children at the Carey School, where much damage has been done. It was voted that the principals exercise more care in preservation of school furniture.

The matter of abolishing Grade IX was again taken up, and the committee on curriculum was directed to make a report by January 1. The matter of vocational training was also discussed and the committee was directed to report by November 1. Mr. Coyell spoke on High School matters, and gave notice that at the next meeting he would introduce a motion requiring the Head Master to make a monthly report and also to attend the sessions of the school committee in order that the members might be in closer touch with High School affairs.

Mr. Lull reported that two more teachers are needed in the Rogers High School, but he did not know whether there was money available. The matter was left with the committee on teachers for investigation. The following recommendations of the committee on teachers were adopted:

First—That the request of Jessie M. Cowles for an extended leave of absence be granted.

Second—That the salary of Margaret H. Gibson, who substituted for Miss Cowles one and one-half years, be \$1440.

Third—That the resignation of Barbara C. Peckham be accepted with regrets.

Fourth—That Edith C. Mason, Rogers High School 1916, Normal 1919, assistant since January 1919, be elected teacher, at \$1380.

Fifth—That Helen C. Collins, Rogers High School 1917, Normal 1920, teacher in Bristol, assistant since January, 1922, be elected teacher at \$1380.

The timely discovery of a lively fire in a heap of rubbish alongside the Bee Hive early Tuesday morning saved the establishment from serious damage. Box 3 was sounded by the patrolman on the beat about 2.30 and the chemical streams were sufficient to care for the blaze. But the possibilities of damage were large.

There was a large attendance at the dance given by Kolah Grobto Patrol at Newport Beach last Monday evening. A substantial sum was realized to finance the trip of the Patrol to Indianapolis next June, when they hope to capture the cup for best drilled Patrol in the United States.

The highway department has had quite a struggle in extracting the stumps of the three great elm trees that were recently cut down on Mary street. The services of the steam roller had to be brought into play to act as a tractor.

Captain and Mrs. Charley Dunbeck, who have been spending the summer in Jamestown with Mrs. Dunbeck's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irving P. Littlefield, have started for their home in Jacksonville, Florida, making the trip by motor.

A tennis tournament will be begun at the Wanumetonomy Golf and Country Club next Monday.

ANDREW K. QUINN

Mr. Andrew K. Quinn, president and treasurer of the Newport Gas Light Company, died at his home on John street early Friday morning. Although he had not been in robust health for several years, his death was entirely unexpected. For several days he had been taking his daily labor a little easier and had been doing much of his work at his home. His death came as a great shock to a very wide circle of friends.

Mr. Quinn had spent his entire life with the Gas Company, having started in as a boy under the late Colonel William A. Steiman, who was one of the ablest gas engineers of the country. Mr. Quinn applied himself with diligence to acquiring knowledge of making and distributing gas, and was steadily promoted until he reached the office of president and treasurer, which he had held for many years. He was held in the highest esteem by the stockholders and directors of the Company, and was given practically a free hand in the management of the concern. He was a member of several associations of gas engineers and attended their sessions whenever he was able to do so.

Mr. Quinn was well known throughout the city and had a host of friends. His ability and integrity were everywhere acknowledged. His business duties occupied practically his entire time, but he was always ready to lend a hand for community interest, for church or charity. He had been prevailed upon to accept various municipal offices, having served for a number of years as chairman of the board of tax assessors some time ago, and was regarded as an authority upon taxation.

He is survived by a widow and several children. One son, Mr. John K. Quinn, is associated with the Gas Company as chemist.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

The weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Thursday evening. Alderman Kirby suggested that it was time to prepare for the improvements at Newport Beach, as the season is now practically over. It was decided that the board should act as a committee of the whole, and the first meeting for this purpose will be held next week.

A communication was received from the school committee asking when the board would be ready to turn over to the school department the several new school buildings. The city clerk was directed to inform the committee that the board was ready to turn them over at any time.

A communication was received from Alfred G. Langley in regard to the conditions on School street where three dead elm trees have recently been removed. The residents of the street wish two large trees planted to replace these removed, and are willing to bear a part of the expense. The matter was referred to Alderman Hughes to investigate.

Bids were received for supplies for the highway department and the fire department and were referred to the city clerk for tabulation. A large amount of routine business was transacted and many licenses were granted.

Farmers on the island are feeding hay to their cattle now just as in mid-winter. There has been practically no fresh grass in September, owing to the prolonged drought. Even if rain should come now it would be too late to be of much practical value this year.

Miss Agnes C. Storer is to have a handsome stained glass window installed in the Convent of the Cenacle, as a memorial to her father, Dr. Horatio R. Storer. The window is now on exhibition in a studio in Boston.

Mr. Robert S. Hayes, manager of the Newport Coal Company, gave a very interesting talk on the coal situation in the country before the Lions Club at their weekly luncheon on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard K. Slocum, who are motoring to the Pacific coast, have now reached Trinidad, Colorado. They report the roads as fairly good thus far.

Miss Sadie O'Hanley, whose wedding will be an event of the near future, has been presented with a handsome set of silver by the Emblem Club.

Perry Day passed last Monday with practically no observation in Newport. In former years there have been some big celebrations here.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

Town Council

The monthly meeting of the town council and court of probate was held on Monday afternoon.

It was voted that the clerk be directed to send a vote of thanks to Dr. Roderick Terry of Newport and to express the council's appreciation for his patriotic generosity in providing for the future of the old fort on Butts Hill, by making a gift of it to the Newport Historical Society.

It was voted to reimburse Rev. Dr. Terry for the expense of traffic officers at the Butts Hill celebration on August 29.

The town clerk was directed to communicate with the State Board of Public Roads in regard to certain gutters in the south part of the town and also the gutters at Tallman's switch.

A communication was received from the United States District Attorney's office in Providence, relating to the water in the highway on Bradford avenue, and was referred to the town's attorney.

A communication with reference to the law in regard to Mothers' Aid was received and it was voted that the clerk make reply, and the matter be continued to the next meeting.

The following were appointed special constables to serve at the Newport County Fair: J. Fred Sherman, Frank P. Sherman, Alton P. Sherman, Borden C. Anthony, William A. S. Cummings, Charles Gifford, William T. H. Soble, William B. Anthony, Arthur A. Sherman, Ernest I. Sisson, William C. Main, Henry C. Anthony, Jr., John Hartley.

A number of bills were ordered paid.

Probate Court

In the probate court the petition of Warren Wilcox Anthony that Alice W. Webb be appointed guardian of his person and estate, was continued to October 8.

The petition of the executors of the will of Henry C. Anthony, for six months' allowance from the estate was allowed.

The petition of Nahum Greene that Robert M. Franklin of Newport be appointed administrator de bonis non with will annexed, on the estate of Constant C. Chase, was referred to October 8.

The first and final account of Elsie M. Anthony, administratrix of the estate of George Anthony, was allowed.

The petition of Andrew Walker for letters of administration on the estate of Mary L. Russell, was allowed, bond \$1500, with Robert Purcell as surety. Warren R. Sherman was appointed appraiser.

The Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church held a business meeting recently at the parish house, with about 20 members present, and plans for a lunch tent at the Newport County Fair were discussed.

The Newport Electric Corporation has changed the schedule of running time between Newport and Fall River so that now the cars leave Newport on the half hour. This is very convenient for the school children. A school committee meeting was held on Monday evening, at which it was decided to open and close the schools fifteen minutes later than usual in order to get there on the late car, but this has not been officially announced.

Mr. William Mott, who has been ill for some time, has been taken to the Newport Hospital for treatment.

An all-day meeting of the Helping Hand Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held on Tuesday at the parish house. Many fancy articles were completed, which will be used at their booth next week at the Newport County Fair. A basket luncheon was served at noon.

Miss Flora Chase has returned to her studies at college at Wollaston, Mass., after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Chase, Jr.

Mr. Owen A. Niles, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Niles of Hope Valley, and Miss Annie A. Hall, daughter of Mrs. Benjamin Hall, were united in marriage on Wednesday at St. Paul's Church, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Charles J. Hartman.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. Norman Hall, wore a gown of white satin crepe trimmed with rose point lace, with train of white satin and veil of tulle and old lace held by a coronet of orange blossoms. She carried a large bouquet of lilies of the valley and orchids. The maid of honor was Miss Marjorie Hall, sister of the bride, who wore a gown of pink satin crepe with hat of leghorn combined with tulle to match, and carried a bouquet of pink roses.

Mr. Frank C. Fish of Hope Valley acted as best man, with Messrs. Benjamin, William and Berkeley Hall, brothers of the bride, as ushers.

The church was prettily decorated with hydrangeas, laurel, and oak leaves. A reception followed, the bride and groom standing in a bower of ferns and oak leaves. The verandah was set with small tables, which were decorated with cut flowers and arranged for the caterer, and the decorations were by Mr. Charles E. Dowd of Weymouth.

The bride's gift to her maid of honor was a silver and gold bracelet and the ushers received solid gold cuff links.

The bride's going away suit was of Poiret tulle, embroidered, with a hat and veil of tulle.

The young couple left by automobile for an extended trip through Maine and will be at home after November 1 at their new home on Sprague street.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Berkeley Parent-Teachers Association

The first meeting of the Berkeley Parent-Teachers Association for the school year was held on Tuesday evening at the Berkeley School. The meeting was in charge of Miss Kathleen Williams; owing to the absence of the president, Miss Elizabeth B. Peckham. Several articles were read, among which was an article on School Luncheon. A committee was appointed to secure books for the school library and the usual business was transacted.

The September meeting of Colonel William Barton Chapter, D.A.R., was held with Mrs. Otto Ehrhardt, Newport, in charge of the regent, Mrs. Ralph S. Wilcox. Reports of the officers were read, after which Mrs. Borden, who is chairman of the flag committee, read an article entitled "Flag Etiquette."

This Chapter voted to share with William Ellery Chapter the expense of enameling the letters on the monument at the corner of Union street and East Main Road and voted \$10 towards the upkeep of the burial ground of John Clarke in Newport.

News has been received of the death of Mrs. M. C. Hughes, in Raleigh, N. C., on September 5. Mrs. Hughes, who was well known in this town, was the mother of Rev. I. Harding Hughes, who was formerly rector of St. Columba's Berkeley Memorial Chapel, and was connected with St. George's School.

The Men's Community Club of St. Mary's and Holy Cross parishes gave a whist at the Holy Cross Guild House on Wednesday evening.

The regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange was held on Thursday evening at the town hall. Reports of the second annual bazaar were read, and plans discussed for the new Grange hall.

Mrs. Angeline Skinner has returned to her home in Newton Center, Mass., after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Lewis.

Miss Ivah L. Peckham has been guest of her father, Representative William C. Peckham, as has Miss Marjorie Albee of Vermont. Miss Peckham has recently completed a three years' course of training in the Peter Brent Brigham Hospital, Boston, and has accepted a position there.

Miss Elizabeth T. Anthony has resumed her duties as teacher in the public school of Montclair, N. J., after spending her summer vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Anthony.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pike, Jr., are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter at the Newport Hospital on September 6.

Funeral services were held on Wednesday at 11.30 a. m. at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel for the late Phelps Montgomery Friswell, who died suddenly in Italy in August. He was the son of Dr. and Mrs. Lewis Friswell and was formerly a student at St. George's School.

Mr. Clifford Champlin of this town was united in marriage with Miss Merle Watson of Newport. Upon their return from their wedding trip they will reside in Newport.

The Women's Auxiliary of St. Mary's and Holy Cross parishes met for their first meeting this fall at the Holy Cross parish house. A luncheon was served at noon.

The Sunday Schools of Holy Cross and St. Mary's churches have reopened after the summer vacation.

Memorial services were held on Sunday afternoon at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel in observance of the twentieth anniversary of the death of the late Rt. Rev. Thomas March Clark, formerly bishop of Rhode Island. The Memorial address was by Rev. Arthur Rogers, D. D., of Evanston, Ill.

The September meeting of the Middletown Red Cross Public Health committee was held recently at the Berkeley parish house in charge of the chairman, Mr. Stephen P. Cabot. Contributions had been asked for with which to carry on this work. The sum of \$227 was reported and letters of thanks will be sent the donors.

Mrs. Howard Spencer Graham asked permission to have the visiting nurse Mrs. Violet Hodgson, assist for one afternoon at the Civic League Rest Room at the Newport County Fair. This was granted and the district nurses from the other districts will also be asked to assist.

Mrs. Hodgson gave her report, which was accepted, and she was given permission to purchase educational material necessary to conduct health talks in the schools.

The sum of \$85 was reported as proceeds from the illustrated lecture which was recently given by Mrs. E. H. Behrends of Erie, Pa., at the Berkeley Parish House for the benefit of this work.

The activities of the summer season have been unusually prolonged this year.

The BROWN MOUSE

by Herbert Quick



SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Jennie Woodruff contemptuously refuses to marry Jim Irwin, young farm hand, because of his financial condition and poor prospects. He is intellectually above his station, and has advanced ideas concerning the possibilities of expert school teaching, for which he is ridiculed by many.

CHAPTER II.—More as a joke than otherwise Jim is selected as teacher of the Woodruff district school.

CHAPTER III.—Jim, in his new position, sets out to make staunch friends of his pupils, especially two boys, Newton Bronson, and "Daddy" Simms, the latter the son of a shiftless farmer. Colonel Woodruff, Jennie's father, has little faith in Jim's ideas of improving rural educational methods. He nick-names him the "Brown Mouse," in illustration of an anecdote.

CHAPTER IV

The First Day of School.

Jim Irwin was full of his Emerson's "Representative Men," and his Carlyle's "French Revolution," and the other old-fashioned, excellent, good literature which did not cost over 25 cents a volume; and he had pored long and with many thrills over the pages of "Matthews' Outlines on the World." His view of efficiency was that it is the capacity to see opportunity where others overlook it, and make the most of it.

All through his life he had had his own plans for becoming great. And all the time he was bare-footed, ill-clad and dreamed his dreams to the accompaniment of the growl of the plow cutting the roots under the brown furrow-slice, or the whooshing of the milk in the pail. At twenty-eight, he considered these dreams over.

As for this new employment, he saw no great opportunity in it. He went into the small, mean, ill-patched task as a part of the day's work, with no knowledge of the stirring of the nation for a different sort of rural school, and no suspicion that there lay in it any highway to success in life. He rather wondered why he had allowed Jennie's suitor to sting him into the course of action which put him in this new relation to his neighbors.

But, true to his belief, in honest, thorough work, like a general preparing for battle, he examined his field of operations. His manner of doing this seemed to prove to Colonel Woodruff, who watched it with keen interest as something new in the world, that Jim Irwin was possibly a Brown Mouse. But the colonel knew only a part of Jim's performances. He saw Jim clothed in slickers, walking through rainstorms to the houses in the Woodruff district, as eagerly for every moment of rain as a haymaker for shine; and he knew that Jim made a great many evening calls.

But he did not know that Jim was making what our sociologists call a survey. For that matter, neither did Jim; for books on sociology cost more than 25 cents a volume, and Jim had never seen one. However, it was a survey. To be sure, he had long known everybody in the district, save the Simmses; and he was now a friend of all that exotic race; but there is knowing and knowing.

He now had notebooks full of facts about people and their farms. He knew how many acres each family possessed, and what sort of farming each husband was doing—live stock, grain or mixed. He knew about the mortgages, and the debts. He knew whether the family atmosphere was happy and contented, or the feverish. He knew which boys and girls were wayward and insubordinate. He made a record of the advancement in their studies of all the children, and what they liked to read. He knew their favorite amusements. He talked with their mothers and sisters—not about the school, to any extent, but on the weather, the horses, the automobiles, the silo-filling machinery and the profits of farming.

Really, though Jennie Woodruff did not see how such doings related to school work, Jim Irwin's school was running full blast in the homes of the district and the minds of many pupils, weeks and weeks before that day when he called them to order on the Monday specified in his contract as the first day of school.

Con Bonner, who came to see the opening, voiced the sentiments of the older people when he condemned the



"That Fellow'll Never Do."

school as disorderly. To be sure, there were more pupils enrolled than had ever entered on a first day in the whole history of the school, and it was

superintendent," said Jim. "Never heard of one—why, Jim Irwin?" "I don't believe there is any such thing," persisted Jim, "and if you do no more than you say, you'll be off the same piece as the rest. Your system won't give us any better schools than we have—of the old sort—and we need a new kind."

"Oh, Jim, Jim! Dreaming as of yore! Why can't you be practical? What do you mean by a new kind of rural school?"

"It would be correlated with rural life. It would get education out of the things the farmers and farmers' wives are interested in as a part of their lives."

Jennie looked serious, after smothering a laugh.

"Jim," said she, "you're going to have a hard enough time to succeed in the Woodruff school, if you confine yourself to methods that have been tested, and found good."

"But it's old methods," urged Jim. "I have been tested and found bad. Shall I keep to them?"

"They have made the American people what they are," said Jennie. "Don't be unpatriotic, Jim."

"They have educated our farm children for the cities," said Jim. "This country is losing population—and it's the best country in the world."

"Pessimism never wins," said Jennie.

"Neither does blindness," answered Jim. "It is losing the farms their dwellers, and swelling the cities with a proletariat."

For some time now, Jim had ceased to hold Jennie's hand; and their sweet-heart days had never seemed farther away.

"Jim," said Jennie, "I may be elected to a position in which I shall be obliged to pass on your acts as teacher—in an official way, I mean. I hope they will be justifiable."

Jim smiled his slowest and saddest smile.

"If they're not, I'll not ask you to condone them," said he. "But first



CHAPTER V

The Promotion of Jennie.

If Jennie Woodruff was the cause of Jim Irwin's sudden intrusion into the educational field by her scoffing "Humph!" at the idea of a farm-hand's ever being able to marry, she also gave him the opportunity to knock down the driver of the big motor, and perceptibly elevate himself in the opinion of the neighborhood, while filling his own heart with something like shame.

The fat man who had said "Cut it out" to his driver, was Mr. Charles Dilly, a business man in the village at the extreme opposite corner of the county. Mr. Dilly was a candidate for county treasurer, and wished to be nominated at the approaching county convention. In his part of the county lived the county superintendent—a candidate for re-nomination. He was just a plain garden or field county superintendent of schools, no better and no worse than the general political run of them, but he had local pride enlisted in his cause, and was a good politician.

Mr. Dilly was in the Woodruff district to build a backfire against this conflagration of the county superintendent. He expected to use Jennie Woodruff to light it withal. That is, while denying that he wished to make any deal or trade—every candidate in every convention always says that—he wished to say to Miss Woodruff and her father, that if Miss Woodruff would permit her name to be used for the office of county superintendent of schools, a goodly group of delegates could be selected in the other corner of the county who would be glad to reciprocate any favors Mr. Charles J. Dilly might receive in the way of votes for county treasurer with ballots for Miss Jennie Woodruff for superintendent of schools.

Mr. Dilly never inquired as to Miss Woodruff's abilities as an educator. That would have been eccentric. Miss Woodruff never asked herself if she knew anything about rural education which especially fitted her for the task; for was she not a popular and successful teacher—and was not that enough? So are the officials chosen who supervise and control the education of the farm children of America.

When Jim Irwin started home from putting out his team that day after his first call on the Simms family, Jennie was waiting at the gate to be congratulated on her nomination.

"I hope you're elected," Jim said, holding the hand she had extended; "but there's no doubt of that."

"They say not," replied Jennie; "but father believes in working just as if we didn't have a big majority for the ticket. Say a word for me when on your pastoral rounds."

"All right, said Jim, "what shall I say you'll do for the schools?"

"Why," said Jennie, rather perplexed, "I'll be fair in my examinations of teachers, try to keep the unfit teachers out of the schools. Visit schools as often as I can, and—why, what does any good superintendent do?"

"I never heard of a good county

superintendent," said Jim. "Never heard of one—why, Jim Irwin?" "I don't believe there is any such thing," persisted Jim, "and if you do no more than you say, you'll be off the same piece as the rest. Your system won't give us any better schools than we have—of the old sort—and we need a new kind."

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For some time now, Jim had ceased to hold Jennie's hand; and their sweet-heart days had never seemed farther away.

"Jim," said Jennie, "I may be elected to a position in which I shall be obliged to pass on your acts as teacher—in an official way, I mean. I hope they will be justifiable."

Jim smiled his slowest and saddest smile.

"If they're not, I'll not ask you to condone them," said he. "But first

—a habit from which he never deviated, and another of those personal peculiarities which had marked him as different from the other boys of the neighborhood. His mother urged his overcoat upon him in vain—for Jim's overcoat was distinctly a bad one, while his best suit, now worn every day as a concession to his scholastic position, still looked passably well after several weeks of schoolroom duty. It seemed more logical to assume that the weather was milder than it really was, on that sharp October evening and appear at his best, albeit rather aware of the cold. Jennie was at home, and he was likely to see and be seen by her.

"You can borrow that tester," said the colonel, "and the cows that go with it, if you can use 'em. They ain't earning their keep here. But how does the milk tester fit into the curriculum of the school? A decoration?"

"We want to make a few tests of the cows in the neighborhood," answered Jim. "Just another of my fool notions."

"All right," said the colonel. "Take it along. Going to the speaking?"

"Certainly, he's going," said Jennie, entering. "This is my meeting, Jim."

"Surely, I'm going," assented Jim. "And I think I'll run along."

"I wish we had room for you in the car," said the colonel. "But I'm going around by Bronson's to pick up the speaker, and I'll have a chuck-up load."

"Not so much of a load as you think," said Jennie. "I'm going with Jim. The walk will do me good."

Any candidate warns to his voting population just before election; but Jennie had a special kindness for Jim. He was no longer a farm hand. The fact that he was coming to be a center of disturbance in the district, and that she quite failed to understand how his eccentric behavior could be harmonized with those principles of teaching which she had imbibed at the state normal school in itself lifted him nearer to equality with her. A public nuisance is really more respectable than a nonentity.

She gave Jim a thrill as she passed through the gate that he opened for her. White moonlight on her white furs suggested purity, exaltation, the essence of womanhood—things far finer in the woman of twenty-seven than the glamour thrown over him by the school girl of sixteen.

Jim gave her no thrill; for he looked gaunt and angular in his slinky, ready-made suit, too short in legs and sleeves, and too thin for the season. Yet, as they walked along, Jim grew upon her. He strode on with immense strides, made slow to accommodate her shorter steps, and embarrassing her by his entire absence of effort to keep step. For all that, he lifted his face to the stars, and he pointed out the great open spaces in the Milky Way, wondering at their emptiness and at the fact that no telescope can find stars in them.

They stopped and looked. Jim laid his hand on the shoulders of her. "What's the use of political meetings," said Jim, "when you and I can stand here and think our way out, even beyond the limits of our universe?"

"A wonderful journey," said she, not quite understanding his mood, "but while we roam beyond the Milky Way, we aren't getting any votes for me for county superintendent."

Jim said nothing. He was quite re-established on the earth.

"Don't you want me to be elected, Jim?"

Jim seemed to ponder this for some time—a period of taking the matter under advisement which caused Jennie to drop his arm and busy herself with her skirts.

"Yes," said Jim, at last; "of course I do."

Nothing more was said until they reached the schoolhouse door.

"Well," said Jennie, rather indignantly, "I'm glad there are plenty of voters who are more enthusiastic about me than you seem to be!"

More interesting to a keen observer than the speeches were the unusual things in the room itself. On the blackboards, with problems in arithmetic, were calculations as to the feeding value of various rations for live stock, records of laying hens and computation as to the excess of value in eggs produced over the cost of feed.

Planned to the wall were market reports on all sorts of farm products, and especially numerous were the statistics on the prices of cream and butter. There were files of farm papers piled about, and racks of agricultural bulletins. In one corner of the room was a typewriting machine, and in another a sewing machine. Parts of an old telephone were scattered about on the teacher's desk. A model of a piggy stood on a shelf, done in cardboard.

Instead of the usual collection of text-books in the desk, there were hectograph copies of exercises, reading lessons, arithmetical tables and essays on various matters relating to agriculture, all of which were accounted for by two or three hand-made hectographs—a very fair sort of printing plant—lying on a table.

The members of the school board were there, looking on these evidences of innovation with wonder and more or less disfavor. Things were disorderly. The text-books recently adopted by the board against some popular protest had evidently been pitched, back and crop, out of the school by the man whom Bonner had termed a dab. It was a sort of contempt for the powers that be.

Colonel Woodruff felt the unwisdom of ignoring the demand. Probably he relied upon Jim's discretion and, expected a dedication.

Jim arose, ready and hunk, and the voters looked on for another suppressed fitter.

"I don't know," said Jim, "whether this call upon me is a joke or not. If it is, it isn't a practical one, for I can't talk. I don't care much about parties or politics. I don't know whether I'm a Democrat, a Republican or a Populist."

This caused a real sensation. The nerve of the fellow! Really, it must in justice be said, Jim was losing himself in a desire to tell his true feelings. He forgot all about Jennie and her candidacy—about everything except his real, true feelings. This proved that he was no politician.

"I don't see much in this county campaign that interests me," he went on—and Jennie Woodruff reddened, while her seasoned father covered his mouth with his hand to conceal a smile. "The politicians come out into the farming districts every campaign and get us hayseeds for anything they want. They always have got us. They've got us again. They give us cloverhoppers the glad hand, a cheap cigar, and a cheaper smile after election; and that's all. I know it, you all know it, they know it. I don't blame them so very much. The trouble is, we don't ask them to do anything better."

"I want a new kind of rural school; but I don't see any prospect, no matter how this election goes, for any change to them. We're in the Woodruff district will have to work out our own salvation. Our political ring never'll do anything but the old things. They don't want to, and they haven't sense enough to do it if they did. That's all—and I don't suppose I should have said as much as I have!"

There was stark silence for a moment when he sat down, and then as many cheers for Jim as for the principal speaker of the evening, cheers mingled with titters and catcalls. Jim felt as if he had made an ass of himself. And as he walked out of the door, the future county superintendent passed by him in high displeasure, and walked home with someone else.

Jim found the weather much colder than it had been while coming. He really needed an Eskimo's fur suit.

CHAPTER VII

New Wins and Old Battles.

In the little strip of forest which divided the sown from the sown wandered two boys in earnest converse. They seemed to be Boy Trappers, and from their backloads of steel-traps one of them might have been Frank



Frank Merriwell and Deadshot Dick.

Merriwell, and the other Deadshot Dick. The boy who resembled Frank Merriwell was Raymond Simms. The other, whose overalls were fringed, who wore a cartridge belt about his person, and carried hatchet, revolver, and a long knife with a deerfoot handle, and who so studiously looked like Deadshot Dick, was our old friend of the road gang, Newton Bronson. Newton put down his load, and sat upon a stump to rest.

Raymond Simms was dimly conscious of a change in Newton, since the day when they met and helped select Colonel Woodruff's next year's seed corn. Newton's mother had a mother's confidence that Newton was now a good boy, who had been led astray by other boys, but had reformed. Jim Irwin had a distinct feeling of optimism. Newton had quit tobacco and beer, casually stating to Jim that he was "in training."

Since Jim had shown his ability to administer a knockout to that angry chauffeur, he seemed to this hobbler-dehor peculiarly a proper person for athletic confidences.

Newton's mind seemed gradually filling up with new interests. Jim attributed much of this to the clear mountain atmosphere which surrounded Raymond Simms, the ignorant barbarian driven out of his native hills by a feud. Raymond was of the open spaces, and refused to hear feld things that seemed out of place in them.

As the reason for Newton's improvement in manner of living, Raymond, out of his own experience, would have had no hesitation in naming the school and the schoolmaster.

"I wouldn't go back on a friend," said Newton, seated on the stump with his traps on the ground at his feet, "the way you're going back on me."

"You got no call to talk thataway," replied the mountain boy. "How'm I goin' back on you?"

"We was goin' to trap all winter," asseverated Newton, "and next winter we were goin' up in the north woods together."

"You know," said Raymond soberly, "that we can't run any trap line and do what we got to do to help Mr. Jim."

Newton sat mute as one having no rejoinder.

"Mr. Jim," went on Raymond, "needs all the help every kid in this settlement kin give him. He's the best friend I ever had. I'm a pore ignorant

boy, as he teaches me how to do things that will make me something."

"Darn it all!" said Newton. "You know," said Raymond, "that you'd think mighty small of me, if I'd desert Mr. Jim Irwin."

"Well, then," replied Newton, seizing his traps and throwing them across his shoulder, "come on with the traps, and shut up! What'll we do when the school board gets Jennie Woodruff to revoke his certificate and make him quit teachin', hey?"

"Nobody'll ever do that," said Raymond. "I'd set in the schoolhouse do with my rifle and shoot anybody that'd come to throw Mr. Jim outen the school."

"Not in this country," said Newton. "This ain't a gun country."

"Just it orto be either a Justice kentry, or a gun kentry," replied the mountain boy. "It stands to reason it must be one 'r the other, Newton."

"No, it don't neither," said Newton dogmatically.

"Why should they throw Mr. Jim outen the school?" inquired Raymond. "Ain't he teachin' us right?"

Newton explained for the tenth time that Jim had done so many things that no teacher was supposed to do, and had left undone so many things that teachers were bound by custom to perform, that Newton's father and Mr. Donner and Mr. Peterson had made up their minds that they would call upon him to resign, and if he wouldn't, they would "turn him out" in some way.

"What wrong's he done committed?" asked Raymond. "I don't know what teachers air supposed to do in this kentry, but Mr. Jim seems to be the only shore-enough teacher I ever see!"

"He don't teach out of the books the school board adopted," replied Newton.

"But he makes up better lessons," urged Raymond. "An' all the things we do in school he's us make a heap."

"He begins at eight in the mornin'," said Newton, "an' he has some of us there till half past five, and comes back in the evening. And every Saturday, some of the kids are doin' something at the schoolhouse."

"They don't pay him for overtime, do they?" queried Raymond. "Well, then, they orto, instid of turnin' him out!"

"Well, they'll turn him out!" prophesied Newton. "I'm havin' more fun in school than I ever—an' that's why I'm with you on this quittin' trapping—but they'll get Jim, all right!"

"I'm havin' something better'n fun," replied Raymond. "My pap has never understood this kentry, an' we all has had bad times; but Mr. Jim an' I have studied out how I can make a better livin' next year—and pap says we kin go on the way Mr. Jim says. I'll work for Colonel Woodruff a part of the time, an' pap kin make corn in the biggest field. It seems we didn't do our work right last year—an' in a couple of years, with the increase of the livin' in the land we kin get under plow."

"It was still an hour before nine when the rural school traditionally 'takes up'—when the boys had stored their traps in a shed at the Bronson home, and walked on to the schoolhouse. That rather scabby and weathered edifice was already humming with industry of a sort. In spite of the hostility of the school board, and the aloofness of the patrons of the school, the pupils were clearly interested in Jim Irwin's system of rural education. Never had the attendance been so large or regular; and one of the reasons for sessions before nine and after four was the inability of the teacher to attend to the needs of his charges in the five and a half hours called 'school hours.'

The day passed. Four o'clock came. In order that all might reach home for supper, there was no staying, except that New Bronson and Raymond Simms remained to sweep and dust the schoolroom, and prepare kettling for the next morning's fire—a work they had taken upon themselves, so as to enable the teacher to put on the blackboards such outlines for the morrow's class work as might be required. Jim was writing on the board a list of words constituting a spelling exercise. They were not from textbooks, but grew naturally out of the study of the seed wheat—"cockle," "morning-glory," "convolvulus," "viable," "fertility," "sprouting," "iron-weed" and the like. A tap was heard at the door, and Raymond Simms opened it.

It led three women—and Jim Irwin knew as he looked at them that he was greeting a deputation, and felt that it meant a struggle. For they were the wives of the members of the school board. He placed for them the three available chairs, and in the absence of any for himself remained standing before them, a gaunt shabby-looking revolutionist at the bar of settled usage and fixed public opinion.

Mrs. Haddon Peterson was a tall blonde woman, slow-spoken and dignified, and Jim felt an instinctive respect for her personality. Mrs. Bronson was a good motherly woman, noted for her housekeeping, and for her church activities. She looked oftener at her son, and his friend, Raymond, than at the schoolmaster. Mrs. Bonner was the only one who shook hands with Jim, but he sensed in the little, black-eyed Irishwoman the real commander of the expedition against him—for such he knew it to be.

"You may think it strange of us coming after hours," said she, "but we wanted to speak to you, teacher, without the children here."

"I wish more of the parents would call," said Jim. "At any hour of the day."

"Or night either, I dare say," suggested Mrs. Bonner. "I hear you're

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THE BROWN MOUSE

Continued from Page 2

and the like, instead of the learning schools was made to teach. I can see and the whole district can see that it's easier for a man than a farm-hand to teach farm-hand knowledge, than the learning schools was set up to teach; but if so be he hasn't the book education to do the right thing, we think he should get out and give a real teacher a chance."

"What am I neglecting?" asked Jim mildly.

Mrs. Bonner seemed unprepared for the question, and sat for an instant



"We Object to the Way the Teaching is Being Done."

mule. Mrs. Peterson interposed her attack while Mrs. Bonner might be recovering her wind.

"We people that have had a hard time," she said in a precise way which seemed to show that she knew exactly what she wanted, "don't want our children taught about nothing but work. We want our children to learn nice things, and go to high school, and after a while to the University."

"Aren't your children happy in school, Mrs. Peterson?"

"I don't send them to school to be happy, Jim," replied Mrs. Peterson, calling him by the name most familiarly known to all of them; "I send them to learn to be higher people than their father and mother. That's what America means!"

"They'll be higher people—higher than their parents—higher than their teacher—they'll be efficient farmers, and efficient farmers' wives. They'll be happy, because they will know how to use more brains in farming than any lawyer or doctor or merchant can possibly use in his business."

"It's a fine thing," said Mrs. Bonner, coming to the aid of her fellow soldiers, "to work hard for a lifetime, and raise nothing but a family of farmers! A fine thing!"

"They will be farmers anyhow," cried Jim, "in spite of your efforts—ninetiety out of every hundred of them! And of the other ten, nine will be wage-earners in the cities, and wish to God they were back on the farm; and the hundredth one will succeed in the city."

The guns of Mrs. Bonner and Mrs. Peterson were silenced for a moment, and Mrs. Bonson, after gazing about at the typewriter, the hectograph, the exhibits of seed seeds, the Babcock milk tester, and the other unscholastic equipment, pointed to the list of words, and the arithmetic problems on the board.

"Do you get them words from the speller?" she asked.

"No," said he, "we get them from a lesson on seed wheat."

"Did them examples come out of an arithmetic book?" she examined.

"No," said Jim, "we used problems we made ourselves. We were figuring profits and losses on your cows," Mrs. Bonson's eyes twinkled.

"Ezra Bonson," said Mrs. Bonson loftily, "don't need any help in telling what's a good cow. He was farming before you was born!"

"Like him, he don't need help! He's going to dry old Cherry off and fatten her for beef; and he can make more money on the cream by feeding about three more of 'em. The Babcock test shows they're just boarding on us without paying their board!"

The delegation of matrons ruffled like a group of startled hens at this interpolation, which was Newton Bonson's effective selling of the opportunity to lease a progress bulletin in the research work on the Bonson dairy herd.

"Newton!" said his mother, "don't interrupt me when I'm talking to the teacher!"

"Well, then," said Newton, "don't tell the teacher that we know which cows were good and which were poor. If any one in this district wants to know about their cows they'll have to come to this shop. And I can tell you that I'll pay 'em to come, too, if they're going to make anything selling cream. Wait until we get out our reports on the herds, ma!"

The women were rather stumped by this onslaught of the irregular troops—especially Mrs. Bonson. She felt a flutter of pride in her son, but it was strongly mingled with a motherly desire to spank him. The deputations rose with a unanimous feeling that they had been scored upon.

"Cows!" scoffed Mrs. Peterson. "If we leave you in this job, Mr. Irwin, our children will know nothing but cows and hens and sows and geese—and where will the culture come in?"

"Culture!" exclaimed Jim. "Why—why, after ten years of the sort of school I would give you if I were a better teacher and could have my way—"

"Don't bother, Jim," said Mrs. Bonner anxiously, "you won't be teaching the Woodruff school that long."

All this time, the dark-faced Cracker had been glowering from a corner, earnestly seeking to fulfill the wrongness he sensed in the gathering. Now he came forward.

"I reckon I may be making a mistake to say anything," said he, "for we all is strangers here, an' we're poor; but I must speak out for Mr. Jim—I must! Don't turn him out, folks, 'r he's done mo' for us than ever any one done in the world!"

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Peterson.

"I mean," said Raymond, "that when Mr. Jim began talking school to us, we was a pore no-count lot without any learning, with nothing to talk about except our wrongs, an' our enemies, and the meanness of the town folks. You see we didn't understand you all. An' now, we have hope. We done got hope from this school. We're goin' to make good in the world. We're getting education. We're all learnin' to use books. My little sister will be as good as anybody, if you'll just let Mr. Jim alone in this school—as good as any one. An' I'll help pap get a farm, and we'll work and think at the same time, an' be happy!"

CHAPTER VIII

Jennie Arranges a Christmas Party. Miss Jennie Woodruff of the Woodruff district was a sensible country girl. Being sensible, she tried to avoid unpleasantness. But she did feel some little sense of increased importance as she drove her father's little runabout over the smooth earth roads, in the crisp December weather, just before Christmas. The weather itself was stimulating, and in the little car, visiting the one hundred or more rural schools soon to come under her supervision, she rather fancied the picture of herself, clothed in more or less authority and queening it over her little army of teachers.

Mr. Hanson Peterson was phlegmatically conscious that she made rather an agreeable picture, as she stopped her car alongside his top buggy to talk with him. She had bright blue eyes, fluffy brown hair, a complexion whipped pink by the breeze, and she smiled at him ingratiatingly.

"Don't you think father is lovely?" said she. "He is going to let me use the runabout when I visit the schools."

"That will be good," said Hanson. "It will save you lots of time, I hope you make the county pay for the gasoline."

"I haven't thought about that," said Jennie. "Everybody's been so nice to me—I want to give as well as receive."

"Why," said Hanson, "you will just begin to receive when your salary begins in January."

"Oh, no!" said Jennie. "I've received much more than that now! You don't know how proud I feel. So many nice men I never knew before, and all my old friends like you working for me in the convention and at the polls, just as if I amounted to something."

"And you don't know how proud I feel," said Hanson, "to have in county office a little girl I used to hold on my lap."

Hanson was a rather richer man than the colonel, and not a little proud of his ascent to affluence. A mild-spoken, soft-voiced Scandinavian, he was quite completely Americanized, and his influence was always worth fifty to sixty Scandinavian votes in any county election. He was a good party man and conscious of being entitled to his voice in party matters. This needed to him an opportunity for exerting a bit of political influence.

"Jennie," said he, "this man Jim Irwin needs to be lined up."

"Lined up? What do you mean?"

"The way he is doing, in the school," said Hanson, "is all wrong. If you can't line him up, he will make you trouble. We must look ahead. Everybody has his friends, and Jim Irwin has his friends. If you have trouble with him, his friends will be against you. We want to nominate you for a second term. The county is getting close. If we go to convention without your home delegation, it would weaken you, and if we nominate you, every piece of trouble like this will come down your throat. You ought to line him up and have him do right."

"But he is so funny," said Jennie.

"He likes you," said Hanson. "You can line him up."

Jennie blushed, and to conceal her slight embarrassment, got out for the purpose of cranking her machine.

"But if I cannot line him up?" said she.

"I think," said Hanson, "if you can't line him up, you will have a chance to rattle his certificate when you take office."

Jennie thought of Mr. Peterson's suggestion as to "lining up" Jim Irwin as so thoroughly sensible that she gave it a good deal of thought that day. To be sure, everybody had always favored "more practical education," and Jim's farm arithmetic, farm physiology, farm reading and writing, cow-testing, exercises, seed analysis, corn clubs and the tomato, poultry and pig clubs he proposed to have in operation the next summer, seemed highly practical; but to Jennie's mind, the fact that they introduced dissension in the neighborhood and promised to make her official life vexatious seemed ample proof that Jim's work was visionary and impractical. Poor Jennie was not aware of the fact that new truth always comes bringing, not peace to mankind, but a sword.

"Father," said she that night, "let's have a little Christmas party."

"All right," said the colonel. "Whom shall we invite?"

"Don't laugh," said she. "I want to invite Jim Irwin and his mother, and nobody else."

"All right," reiterated the colonel. "But why?"

"Oh," said Jennie, "I want to see whether I can talk Jim out of some of his foolishness."

"You want to line him up, do you?" said the colonel. "Well, that's good politics, and incidentally, you may get some good ideas out of Jim."

"Rather unlikely," said Jennie.

"I don't know about that," said the colonel, smiling. "I begin to think that



"Talk Jim Out of Some of His Foolishness."

Jim's a Brown Mouse. I've told you about the Brown Mouse, haven't I?"

"Yes," said Jennie. "You've told me. But Professor Darbishire's brown mice were simply wild and incorrigible creatures. Just because it happens to emerge suddenly from the forests of heresy, it doesn't prove that the Brown Mouse is any good."

"Justin Morgan was a Brown Mouse," said the colonel. "And he founded the greatest breed of horses in the world."

"You say that," said Jennie, "because you're a lover of the Morgan horse."

"Napoleon Bonaparte was a Brown Mouse," said the colonel. "So was George Washington, and so was Peter the Great. Whenever a Brown Mouse appears he changes things in a little way or a big way."

"For the better, always?" asked Jennie.

"No," said the colonel. "The Brown Mouse may throw back to slant-headed savagery. But Jim—sometimes I think Jim is the kind of Mendelian segregation out of which we get Franklins and Edisons and their sort. You may get some good ideas out of Jim. Let us have them here for Christmas, by all means."

There is no doubt that on Christmas day Jennie Woodruff was justified in thinking that they were a queer couple. They weren't like the Woodruffs, at all. They were of a different pattern. To be sure, Jim's clothes were not especially noteworthy, being just shiny, and frayed at cuff and instep, and short of sleeve and leg, and ill-fitting and cheap. Jim's queerness lay not so much in his clothes as in his personality.

On the other hand, Jennie could not help thinking that Mrs. Irwin's queerness was to be found almost solely in her clothes. The black alpaca looked unattractively respectable. Jennie felt it must have a story—a story in which the stooped, rusty, somber old lady looked like a character drawn to harmonize with the period just after the war.

But Jennie had the keenness to see that if Mrs. Irwin could have had an up-to-date costume she would have become a rather ordinary and not bad-looking old lady. What Jennie failed to divine was that if Jim could have invested a hundred dollars in the services of tailors, haberdashers, barbers and other specialists in personal appearance, and could have blotted out his record as her father's field-hand, he would have seemed to her a distinguished-looking young man. Not handsome, of course, but the sort people look after—and follow.

"Come to dinner," said Mrs. Woodruff, who at this juncture had a hired girl, but was yoked to the car nevertheless, when it came to turkey, and the other things of a Christmas dinner.

"It's good enough, what there is of it, and there's enough of it, such as it is, but the dressing in the turkey would be better for a little more, sage!"

The beautiful meal piled mountains high for guests and hired help and family, melted away in a manner to delight the hearts of Mrs. Woodruff and Jennie. The colonel, in stiff starched shirt, black tie and frock coat, carved with much empressement, and Jim felt almost for the first time a sense of the value of manner.

"I had bigger turkeys," said Mrs. Woodruff to Mrs. Irwin, "but I thought it would be better to cook two turkeys instead of one great big gobbler with meat as tough as tripe and stuffed full of fat."

"One of the hens would 'a' been plenty," replied Mrs. Irwin. "How much did they weigh?"

"About fifteen pounds apiece," was the answer. "The gobbler would 'a' weighed thirty. I guess. He's pure Mammoth Bronze."

"I wish," said Jim, "that we could get a few breeding birds of the wild bronze turkeys from Mexico."

"Why?" asked the colonel.

"They're the original blood of the domestic bronze turkeys," said Jim. "And they're bigger and handsomer than the pure bred bronzes, even. They're a better stock than the Northern wild turkeys from which our common bronzes originated."

"Where do you learn all these things, Jim?" asked Mrs. Woodruff.

"I declare, I often tell Woodruff that it's as good as a lecture to have Jim Irwin at table. My intelligence has fallen since you quit working here, Jim."

There came into Jim's eyes the gleam of the man devoted to a Cause—and the dinner tended to develop into a lecture. Jennie saw a little more plainly wherein his queerness lay.

"There's an education in any meal, if we would just use the things on the table as materials for study, and follow their trails back to their starting points. This turkey takes us back to the chaparral of Mexico."

"What's chaparral?" asked Jennie, as a diversion. "It's one of the words I have seen so often and know perfectly to speak it and read it—but

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after all it's just a word, and nothing more."

"Ain't that the trouble with our education, Jim?" queried the colonel, cleverly steering Jim back into the track of his discourse.

"They are not even living words," answered Jim, "unless we have clothed them in flesh and blood through some sort of concrete notion. 'Chaparral' to Jennie is just the ghost of a word. Our civilization is full of inefficiency because we are satisfied to give our children these ghosts and shucks and hunks of words, instead of the things themselves, that can be seen and hefted and handled and tested and heard."

CHAPTER IX

The Brown Mouse Escapes.

Jennie looked Jim over carefully. His queerness was taking on a new phase—and she felt a sense of surprise such as one experiences when the confuser causes a rose to grow into a tree before your very eyes.

"I think we lose so much time in school," Jim went on, "while the children are eating their dinner."

"Well, Jim," said Mrs. Woodruff, "every one but you is down on the human level. The poor kids have to eat!"

"But think how much good education there is wrapped up in the school dinner—if we could only get it out."

Jennie grew grave. Here was this Brown Mouse actually introducing the subject of the school—and he ought to suspect that she was planning to line him up on this very thing—if he wasn't a perfect donkey as well as a dreamer. And he was calmly wading into the subject as if she were the ex-ferm-hand country teacher, and he was the county superintendent-elect.

"Eating a dinner like this, mother," said the colonel gallantly, "is an education in itself—and eating some others requires 'em," but just how "farther" is wrapped up in the school lunch is a new one on me, Jim."

"Well," said Jim, "in the first place the children ought to cook their meals as a part of the school work. Prior to that they ought to buy the materials. And prior to that they ought to keep the accounts of the school kitchen. They'd like to do these things, and it would help prepare them for life on an intelligent plane, while they prepared the meals."

"Isn't that looking rather far ahead?" asked the county superintendent-elect.

"It's like a lot of other things we think far ahead," urged Jim. "The only reason why they're far off is because we think them so. It's a thought—and a thought is as near the moment we think it as it will ever be."

"I guess that's so—to a wild-eyed reformer," said the colonel. "But go on. Develop your thought a little. Have some more dressing."

"Thanks, I believe I will," said Jim. "And a little more of the cranberry sauce. No more turkey, please."

"I'd like to see the school class that could prepare this dinner," said Mrs. Woodruff.

"Why," said Jim, "you'd be there showing them how! They'd get credits in their domestic economy course for getting the school dinner—and they'd bring their mothers into it to help them stand at the head of their classes. And one detail of girls would cook one week, and another serve. The setting of the table would come in as a study—flowers, linen and all that. And when we get a civilized teacher, table manners!"

"I'd take on that class," said the hired man, winking at Selma Carlson, the maid, from somewhere below the salt. "The way I make my knife feel my face would be a great help to the children."

"And when the food came on the table," Jim went on, with a smile at his former fellow-laborer, who had heard most of this before as a part of the field conversation, "just think of the things we could study while eating it. The literary term for eating a meal is discussing it—well, the discussion of a meal under proper

guidance is much more educative than a lecture. This breast-bone, now," said he, referring to the remains on his plate. "That's physiology. The cranberry sauce—that's botany, and commerce, and soil management—do you know, Colonel, that the cranberry must have an acid soil—which would kill alfalfa or clover?"

"Isn't something of it," said the colonel, "but it didn't interest me much."

"And the difference between the types of fowl on the table—that's breeding. And the nutmeg, pepper and coconut—that's geography. And everything on the table runs back to geography, and comes to us linked to our lives by dollars and cents—and they're mathematics!"

"We must have something more than dollars and cents in life," said Jennie. "We must have culture."

"Culture," cried Jim, "is the ability to think in terms of life—isn't it?"

"Like Jesse James?" suggested the hired man, who was a careful student of the life of that eminent bandit.

There was a storm of laughter at this silly remark, which Jennie wished she had thought of something like that. Jim joined in the laughter at his own expense, but was clearly suffering from argumentative shock.

"That's the best answer I've had on that point, Pete," he said, after the disturbance had subsided. "But if the James boys and the Youngers had had the sort of culture I'm for, they would have been successful stock men and farmers, instead of train robbers. Take Raymond Stims, for instance. He had all the qualifications of a member of the James gang when he came here. All he needed was a few exasperated associates of his own sort, and a convenient railway with unfenced trains running over it. But after a few weeks of real culture under a mighty poor teacher, he's developed into the most enthusiastic farmer I know. That's real culture."

"It's showing like everything," said Jennie, who faced the window.

"Don't eat your dinner short," said the colonel to Pete, "but I think you'll find the cattle ready to come in out of the storm when you get good and through."

"I think I'll let 'em in now," said Pete, by way of excusing himself. "I expect to put in most of the day from now on getting ready to quit eating. Save some of everything for me, Selma—I'll be right back!"

"All right, Pete," said Selma.

Mrs. Woodruff and Jim's mother went into other parts of the house on research work connected with their converse on domestic economy. The colonel withdrew for an inspection of the life stock on the ere of the threatened blizzard. And Jim was left alone with Jennie in the front parlor.

Scanning him by means of her back hair, Jennie knew that in another moment Jim would lay his hand on her shoulder, or otherwise advance to personal nearness, as he had done the night of his ill-starred speech at the schoolhouse—and she rose in self-defense. Self-defense, however, did not seem to require that he be kept at too great a distance; so she maneuvered him to the sofa, and seated him beside her. Now was the time to line him up.

"It seems good to have you with us today," said she. "We're such old, old friends."

"Yes," repeated Jim, "old friends. We are, aren't we, Jennie?"

He reached over and possessed himself of her hand. She pulled it from him gently, but he paid no attention to the little muscular protest, and examined the hand critically. On the back of the middle finger he pointed out a scar—a very tiny scar.

"Do you remember how you got that?" he asked.

"I guess I got it from the hand, their hands were so close together as to be nearly in contact."

"That's all right," said Jim. "I do."

"I do," he repeated. "We—you and I and Mary Forsythe were playing

Special Bargains

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Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 6 per cent less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

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181 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.



"Remember How You Got That."

monkeys, and you put your hand on the knees just as I threw the knife—it cut you, and left that scar."

"I remember, now!" said she. "How such things come back over the memory. And did it leave a scar when I pushed you toward the red-hot stove in the schoolhouse one blizzard day, like this, and you peeled the skin off your wrist where it struck the stove?"

"Look at it," said he, holding his long and bony wrist. "Right there!"

And they were off on the trail that leads back to childhood. They had talked long, and intimately, when the shadows of the early evening crept into the corners of the room. Jennie recalled the time when the tornado narrowly missed the schoolhouse, and frightened everybody in school nearly to death.

"Everybody but you, Jim," Jennie remembered. "You looked out of the window and told the teacher that the twister was going north of us, and would kill somebody else."

"Did I?" asked Jim.

"Yes," said Jennie, "and when the teacher asked us to kneel and thank God, you said, 'Why should we thank God that somebody else is blown away?' She was greatly shocked."

"I don't see to this day," Jim asserted, "what answer there was to my question."

In the gathering darkness Jim again took Jennie's hand, but this time she deprived him of it.

He was trembling like a leaf. Let it be remembered in his favor that this was the only girl's hand he had ever held.

"You can't find any more scars on it," she said soberly.

"Let me see how much it has changed since I stuck the knife in it," begged Jim.

Jennie held it up for inspection.

"It's longer, and slenderer, and whiter, and even more beautiful," said she, "than the little hand I cut; but it was then the most beautiful hand in the world to me—and still is."

"I must light the lamps," said the county superintendent-elect, rather flustered. It must be confessed, "Mamma! Where are all the matches?"

Mrs. Woodruff and Mrs. Irwin came in, and the lamplight reminded Jim's mother that the cow was still to milk, and that the chickens might need attention. The Woodruffs sigh came to the door to carry them home; but Jim desired to breast the storm. He felt that he needed the conflict. Mrs. Irwin scolded him for his foolishness, but he strode off into the whirling drift, throwing back a good-by for general consumption, and a pathetic smile to Jennie.

"It's as odd as Dick's husband," said Mrs. Woodruff, "tramping off in a storm like this."

"Did you line him up?" asked the colonel of Jennie.

The young lady started and blushed. She had forgotten all about the politics of the situation.

"I'm afraid I didn't, papa," she confessed.

"Those brown mice of Professor Darbishire's," said the colonel, "were the devil and all to control."

(To be continued)

Schubert Family Quartet

Schubert enjoyed the privilege of having a string quartet in his own family, in which he played viola, his brother Ferdinand first violin, Franz the second violin, the father the cello. Schubert's father was none so accurate in his playing in the family quartet. When he made a blunder the son would carefully examine the manuscript and say "Dear father, there must be a mistake in the music somewhere."

Chinese Are Everywhere

Wherever one goes, one finds a Chinese. In Chile, in South America, he labors in the copper mines; in Russia he acts as executioner for the Bolsheviks; in London he is a tea merchant; in Paris, New York, Chicago, San Francisco

MISS JANET MOFFETT

Pretty Girl Will Make Her Debut in Washington



A new and striking picture of Miss Janet Moffett, daughter of Rear Admiral and Mrs. William A. Moffett, who will make her debut this coming season.

60,000 QUAKE DEAD ALREADY COUNTED

Japanese Foreign Office Says 47,000 in Tokio and 23,000 in Yokohama.

Tokio.—Sixty thousand bodies have been recovered in Tokio and Yokohama and the police estimate 600,000 persons have been treated for wounds and sickness as a result of the earthquake.

A landing party from the United States Destroyer Huron buried the dead from the American Naval Hospital at Yokohama.

Reports of a threatened epidemic of cholera in the region devastated by the earthquake are unfounded, according to the authorities.

Sharp earthquake shocks again aroused nervousness, but did not interfere with reconstruction work which the end of the first week following the disaster shows to be well under way.

The Cabinet is co-operating in every way with business men and the military in rehabilitation. New plans of the Government look to prevention of such widespread destruction in event of another earthquake. The plans include provision for fireproof and quakeproof buildings and avoidance of congestion.

For better administration of relief and reconstruction the military staff has been divided between Tokio and Osaka. Tokio banks have resumed small payments. Tokio and Osaka now are linked by fast boats and trains are running between Tokio and Yokohama.

All available ships are removing refugees who, made more eager to leave by fear of an epidemic, crowd all the docks. American destroyers are taking refugees of all nationalities from Tokio to the liners at Yokohama. The authorities have established public latrines and are cleaning up all deposits of filth and rubbish.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

CALCUTTA, India.—Earthquake in Calcutta kills or injures fifty.

GENEVA.—Irish Free State enters League of Nations as a British dominion.

NEW YORK.—Two hundred thousand children on part time as new schools open with makeshift fixtures.

ALBANY, N. Y.—New York State asks judgment by default against Klan and Kamalia in suit to revoke charter.

SANTA BARBARA.—Photographs of eclipse obtained by astronomers in Mexico, but clouds obscure sun at all points on California coast.

BERLIN.—All foreign currency in Germany is being confiscated and turned over to the government.

PARIS.—"France refuses Germany's offer of new guarantees in place of the Ruhr," declared Premier Poincaré, speaking at Danville.

ATHENS.—The Athens Chamber of Commerce, in deference to the League of Nations, has called off its Italian boycott.

PARIS.—Hobble kneed skirts, "stovepipe" gowns and "gelsa" combination robe cloaks are the most noteworthy fashion innovations at the reopening of the Paris racing season.

PETROGRAD.—The Radium Institute reported that the expedition it sent to Forghana had discovered what probably is the world's largest deposit of radium.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I.—The Imperial Hotel was burned to the ground, causing a loss of more than \$150,000, according to conservative estimates.

BERLIN.—Germany has arrived at the end of her tether so far as her financial ability to finance passive resistance in the Ruhr is concerned. This is the current impression in banking circles.

By winning a toss of a coin, Manager Joe Cox of the Attleboro, Mass., Ball Club had first selection of the major leagues to draw players from in the series between Attleboro and North Attleboro in October. Manager Cox chose National League players. Manager Frank Kelley of North Attleboro will immediately proceed to get in touch with American League stars for his team.

CODE SUBMITTED BY COAL BOARD

In Report to President Commission Urges Adopt on in Order to Avert Strikes.

SAFEGUARDS RIGHTS OF ALL

Various Clauses of Code Take Into Consideration Needs of Capital, Labor and People—Slavery Fight Recalled.

Washington.—Comparing the controversy in the coal situation to that over slavery just prior to the Civil War, the United States Coal Commission declared in a report submitted to President Coolidge that the national interest required establishment of a fixed code for settlement of this and other industrial disputes.

Regardless of the inherent rights possessed by both sides, the commission holds the necessity of coal to the general public makes it incumbent upon both operators and workers "to make some personal sacrifices in the interest of the common weal."

"The condition resembles the conflict between the definition of the Declaration of Independence concerning human rights, and the then clearly constitutional right of slavery," the report said. "The great mass of those arrayed upon either side were unwilling to compromise or adjust. It was permitted to go on until the agony of a fraternal war solved the problem. It is to be hoped that we have learned wisdom by experience."

The outbreak at Hordell, Ill., in June, 1922, and the more recent disturbance in the West Virginia fields were cited as indicative of the serious aspect the general situation has taken.

"If industrial peace is to be hoped for," the commission said, "then some method must be found to guarantee, as near as fallible human judgment may, equally exact justice to capital, to labor and to the public. There must be one yardstick adopted by which all controverted questions are to be measured. Public interest demands that certain fixed principles shall be recognized by both capital and labor as this yardstick."

Declaring it would be better for the participants themselves to work out the exact terms of the code, the commission set forth as the framework the following principles:

1. No contract is of any valid binding force in America which has not been freely and voluntarily entered into.

2. The right of a man to work when, where, for whom and under what conditions and at what wage he chooses, so long as he elects to assert his individual right, must never be interfered with, and the state must furnish him protection and peace while he exercises this right.

3. In a free government men have a right to combine themselves together into organizations for collective bargaining with reference to terms and conditions under which they will work; they must exercise this right without force and intimidation, and must not interfere with the right of the man who chooses to dispose of his time individually.

4. Society has a right to fix a limitation beyond which it will not permit either these de facto or de jure organizations to go.

5. There is an implied duty upon corporations "to pay the humblest of its employees who is able-bodied, willing and competent and who gives an honest day's work sufficient wage to enable that person and his family to live in accordance with the standards of American life and to pay in addition thereto for skill and experience."

6. The general public has a right to demand of its government that it shall not freeze in the midst of an abundance of coal. Unless capital and labor adopt methods that will furnish to the public coal when needed "an outraged public sentiment will furnish the supply by either the army of the penitentiary."

7. When contracts have been voluntarily entered into the industry itself should provide boards of arbitration, both local and appellate, to dispose speedily of causes in accordance with the terms of the contract and the principles herein set out.

KLAN BACKS ELECTION WINNERS

But Non-Partisan Leader Denies It Was Factor.

Portland, Me.—Officials of the Ku Klux Klan, Realm of Maine, claimed victory in the first attempt of the Klan to influence an election in this State. Non-Partisan leader denies this. The so-called Plan Three Charter, providing for a council of five and a City Manager, supported by the organization, was adopted by the voters of Portland by a margin of approximately 2,500 votes.

CHILDREN UNEARTH SKULLS

Probably of Negro or Indian Servants of Old Dutch Settlers.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Four skulls, thought to be those of negroes or Indians buried a half century to a century ago in the old Dutch settlement in the New Lots section were found by children playing in sand at Pitkin and Astoria avenues.

The sand in which the skulls were found had been brought to the place by a contractor from an excavation at New Lots avenue and Barbey street.

The Mansfield Fire Department was called out because a man wanted to mail a letter. He had been in town only a short time, and as he came up South Main st., he stopped at the corner of South Main and Horace st., saw a fire alarm box and proceeded to carry out his directions inside. He pulled down the hook and let go.

PROF. BESREDKA

Parisian Scientist of World Notoriety



Professor Besredka, one of the head specialists of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, who has introduced "Intra-vaccine" or vaccination by administering pills.

RUHR PASSIVE RESISTANCE ENDS

Money Barons to Send Envoy to Learn Extent France Is Prepared to Give Concessions.

London.—The populations in the occupied areas of Germany have been ordered to discontinue their passive resistance to the French and Belgian authorities, according to the Central News correspondent in Berlin.

"I learn," the correspondent telegraphs, "that the German capitalists have decided to send a representative to Paris, with the object of ascertaining to what extent France is prepared to make concessions to Germany."

"Direct negotiations between the two governments are believed in political circles here (in Berlin) to be imminent."

Paris.—The denouement of the Ruhr drama is at hand. Decisive events are coming. There are persistent rumors that representatives of the powerful Comité des Forges—the principal metallurgical group in France—is negotiating at Coblenz with Hugo Stinnes and the grand staff of German industrial magnates.

Nevertheless one of the directors of the Comité des Forges denied all knowledge of any such conferences when questioned this evening. It is obvious the French government is determined to keep these private negotiations strictly in the background pending a direct agreement between France and Germany.

Moreover, a prisoner to his own reiterated statements, he has been unable to enter into negotiations with Chancellor Stresemann until Germany openly capitulates and abandons passive resistance in the Ruhr. He has declared often he will never recognize any arrangement with the German industrialists until the reich formally asks for terms.

An economic agreement between the two countries can come only after a political convention between them.

LATEST EVENT AT WASHINGTON

Government crop reports show further decrease in spring wheat estimate.

Red Cross fund for relief of Japanese earthquake sufferers totals \$4,179,600. Ambassador Woods cables for \$1,000,000 credit immediately.

Government moves to prevent price boosting in anthracite coal. Governor Pinchot urges Governors to combat fuel profiteers.

Dr. W. E. Barton, moderator of the national council of the Congregational Church, after conference with President Coolidge, says latter will support world court.

The White House spokesman officially authorized the statement that no definite plans have been worked out yet for co-operation, between the federal government and state governors in the enforcement of the prohibition law.

In all the world there is no man more keenly interested in the Italian-Greek crisis than is former President Woodrow Wilson. He is sitting quietly in his home watching the fate of his greatest effort in statesmanship—the League of Nations. Will it exercise its authority or be thrown aside by willful Italy.

All resources of the United States placed by President Coolidge at disposal of the Japanese Government, with relief activities co-ordinated under the Red Cross. It is estimated that \$20,000,000 will be required during the next two months. More than \$2,000,000 already collected and expended.

President Coolidge will keep hands strictly off Ford-Muscle Shoals controversy. Senator Willis, of Ohio, nominator of President Harding in 1920, comes out for Calvin Coolidge for President.

The first woman automobile driver to be sent to jail in Connecticut, so far as is known, for violation of the motor vehicle laws, is Mrs. Della Ryan of Seymour, who was sentenced to 10 days in the county jail at New Haven by Judge Frederick M. Peaslee in District Court, Waterbury. Mrs. Ryan pleaded guilty to driving a car while under the influence of liquor.

ALLIES AGREED ON GREEK PEACE PLAN

Ambassadors' Council at Paris Keeps Decision Secret Until Italy Envoy Is Satisfied.

ATHENS ACCEPTS RULING

Mussolini Replies to His Critics—Surprised at Strictures in View of American Attitude to League. Defends Corfu Seizure.

Paris.—The Council of Ambassadors sent to the Greek government proposed terms of settlement for the Italo-Greek controversy which, being only a slight modification of Mussolini's terms, are considered highly favorable to Italy. It is believed there are sufficient changes in the plan to satisfy the Greek demands.

Baron Avezano, the Italian Ambassador, declared the terms were highly satisfactory to him, and Italy and Greece are both expected to accept them.

From authoritative sources, it was learned that the note suggests that the committee of inquiry into the assassination of the Italian boundary commissioners near Janina have a Japanese at its head and be composed of representatives of each of the three inter-allied powers—Great Britain, France and Italy. The United States is not represented, the ambassadors believing that the presence of a Japanese at the head of the commission will satisfy the Greek insistence upon a "neutral."

It was determined also to adhere virtually to sanctioning the demands of Mussolini, which were sugared over by the League in its note to the Council.

The four points recommended by the Council are:

Full memorial service in honor of the murdered commission in the presence of the Greek government.

The selection of a committee of inquiry.

It is understood that the words of the Council apropos of the third proposal, "the manner of the salute to be determined later," were disposed of in a manner agreeable to Italy and unoffensive to Greece, since the original proposition of Mussolini to raise the Italian flag over the Greek flag was the one thing at which Greece balked most.

The council has left the difficult question of the Corfu seizure severely alone, since it is now open knowledge that Mussolini has promised Poincaré to evacuate the island as soon as Greek reparations are made. In addition, the council is quite aware that Mussolini refuses to accept the jurisdiction of the council on that point. Therefore, it has been most prudent and has confined its attention solely to the first part of the Italo-Greek problem—the assassination of the members of the inter-allied commission on Greek soil.

As was to be expected from the recent alignment of nations, the French influence at the conference predominated. Her policy of supporting Italy left Lord Curzon alone in his objections on several debatable points, since the United States representative, Mr. Sheldon, and Japan, by Sato, had no vote, but sat merely as observers of the discussion wherein the voices of Jules Cambon, ambassador of France, and Avezano, of Italy, preponderated.

Rome.—Premier Mussolini turned from the intense activity of his official establishment to give a statement to The Associated Press correspondent concerning the critical issue which has arisen between Italy and Greece. More particularly, the premier said he was painfully impressed by some of the American newspaper criticism of Italy's denial of the competency of the League of Nations to deal with this issue, as it was America, he said, which had first detected defects in the league's organism.

Signor Mussolini was seen at his headquarters in the historic Palazzo Chigi, the former residence of the Austrian embassy, but now the site of the Italian foreign office. The ante-room leading to the premier's study was crowded with senators, deputies, generals and high officers of the Fascist, these last in their black shirts and quaint uniforms.

The grand lodge of Massachusetts, I. O. O. F., at its 100th annual session, held in Boston authorized the erection of a \$125,000 hospital as a memorial to the late Alfred D. Pinkerton, the premier Odd Fellow of the world. It will be built on the east side of Odd Fellows Home at Worcester.



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The Savings Bank of Newport

Newport, R. I.

At the Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Savings Bank of Newport held July 20, 1923:

Wm. H. Hammett was elected President, Wm. A. Sherman, Vice President and Wm. P. Carr, Clerk.

TRUSTEES
Wm. H. Hammett T. T. Pittman Wm. A. Sherman
Peter King Wm. P. Sheffield, Jr. Bradford Norman
Wm. P. Carr Anthony Stewart Henry C. Stevens, Jr.
Wm. W. Covell Wm. P. Buffum Edward A. Sherman
Grant P. Taylor Wm. P. Carr, Clerk.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the Savings Bank of Newport held immediately after the meeting of the Corporation the following named officers were elected:

Grant P. Taylor, Treas. Harry G. Wilks, Assistant Treas.
Abner L. Slocum, Clerk G. Harry Draper, Clerk
Gertrude B. Hummel, Clerk Anna R. Hummel, Clerk
Hazel S. Bailey, Clerk
Standing Committee:—Wm. H. Hammett, Wm. P. Carr, Wm. A. Sherman, Bradford Norman, Anthony Stewart
Auditing Committee:—Wm. P. Buffum, Wm. W. Covell
Wm. P. CARR, Secretary.

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for their funds do not usually invest in stocks that have not proven their soundness.

When you deposit your money with the Industrial Trust Company, you receive as high an interest rate as is consistent with safety.

Your account is invited.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

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CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

All Orders
Promptly
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TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods
are Pure
Absolutely

NEW ENGLAND NEWS IN TABLOID FORM

News of General Interest
From the Six States

More than half a million dollars has been earned by students at Boston University College of Business Administration working under the supervision of the college during the past year.

The George H. Webster Company, Haverhill, Mass., has decided to move its manufacture of tinor soles to Athol. Between 80 and 100 hands will be employed there. The Athol Board of Trade offered inducements that won this industry for the town.

Pursuant to an agreement reached by which Agent Fred M. Knight will arbitrate the wage difference between the Holyoke paper mills and their stationary firemen, the firemen and other employees returned to work after a seven weeks' tie-up, due to the strike of the firemen. Of the 4000 employees all but the firemen went to work and they will do so as soon as manufacture gets under way.

Pres. George D. Olds of Amherst College has announced a schedule of new courses to be given by the new professors during the coming year. Prof. Robert Frost, the poet, returns from University of Michigan and will offer a reading course in English off the usual line and seminar in philosophy. Prof. John Erskine will give courses on "The Materials of Poetry" and on "Literary Criticism."

Increasing use of intelligence tests to measure the ability of pupils and the efficiency of teachers in the schools of Massachusetts was advocated at the annual meeting of the State Normal School Teachers' Association, which was held at the Bridgewater, Mass., normal school in connection with the educational conference in session there.

Peter A. Olinto, former member of the Bath, Me., city council, pleaded guilty in municipal court to the charge of embezzlement of \$8000 from the Bath Loan & Building Association, of which he was secretary and treasurer, for five years. He made no attempt to obtain bail, which was set at \$10,000, and in less than 10 minutes after his arraignment was on his way to jail to await the October term of the Sagadahoc county grand jury.

The use of Egg Rock, Nahant, Mass., long the location of a government lighthouse, but now abandoned as a beacon, is urged by Edward H. Forbush, state ornithologist, as a Massachusetts sanctuary for sea birds, such as gulls and terns, in a report on flights of birds for August. Mr. Forbush also advocates that the island be arranged as a breeding place for these and other species which are found in the waters off the New England coast.

Cleaners at the Maine Central round house, Bangor, discovered a man's hand, severed at the wrist, above the trucks of the locomotive which brought the Bangor Harbor express from Portland. This is believed to be the hand of a man who was struck at Wintthrop.

Although Frank L. Lindstrom, wealthy tool and toy manufacturer of Bridgeport, Ct., has offered a bond of \$500,000 to the government to guarantee that his niece and nephew, Sallie and Nils Lindstrom, whom the United States immigration authorities plan to deport to Sweden, will not become public charges, the pair are barred admittance to this country because the Finnish quota for this month is filled.

Inability of men to understand the real meaning of labor is the cause of unrest in the world today, Congressman Carroll L. Beedy told 500 rural mail carriers of Maine at their annual convention in Portland. He pledged his support to living wages for postal employees.

MIXED RADIOS DOOMED SHIPS

Error Rectified, But Too Late to Avert Tragedy.

Santa Barbara, Cal.—The death list in the disaster, which sent seven naval destroyers crashing on the rocks off Point Honda has increased to twenty-nine. These are believed to be adrift on a life raft and twelve injured are in the hospital here. Air filled with radio directions for the rescue of liner Cuba hampered squadron. Washington is without explanation as to cause of disaster.

CLARK'S GRAVE NEGLECTED

Former Congressman Is Forgotten by Public and Friends, Declares Wilks.

Columbus, Ohio.—Senator Frank B. Willis, of Ohio, announced that while in Bowling Green, Mo., he had found the grave of former Speaker Champ Clark "neglected" and had cut with his penknife weeds which had grown over the mound. Mr. Willis said that in an address at Bowling Green he had "censured the people for neglecting the grave of one of the ablest men who ever sat in Congress."

Fortune Telling Up-to-Date

By H. IRVING KING

(Copyright, 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The gypsies came to Hopkinton and James Rogers had his palm read for a silver quarter. James was clerk for Simon Ranger, general store keeper, and expected to be soon taken in as partner.

Also James was in love with Sarah Fellows and she with him. The "gypsy queen" delivered her usual patter. Seeing that James was a blonde she told him he was going to marry a dark-haired girl and warned him against a light-haired girl and a dark-haired man. That night he told Sarah, laughingly, of his interview with the gypsy.

"It's plain who the dark-haired girl is," said Sarah. "You were mighty attentive to Clara Mason at the church lawn party, I noticed, and her hair is as black as night."

"Oh, as to that," replied James. "Tasner Dodge would fit in for the black-haired man—and he did not seem to mind squandering his money buying you ice cream."

"And the light-haired girl you are to be wary of, I suppose, is me—thank you," said Sarah. That started a lovers' quarrel. Sarah cried herself to sleep that night and James lay awake thinking of what a cold and heartless world this was.

The next day James took his delivery truck into town to bring out supplies for the store. As he passed through a side street he saw a sign reading, "Madame Cleopatra, Fortunes Told."

"Hang the fortune tellers!" he thought; "that gypsy got me into trouble last night. I wonder if a real city fortune teller—"

A few minutes later James was seated across a broad table from Mme. Cleopatra, seeking confirmation or disapproval of the gypsy's warning. Mme. Cleopatra was rather short, very stout, had three chins and a red, round face with sharp, twinkling eyes.

She examined James' palm, gave a noncommittal "Humph!" and then taking a pack of cards dealt them face up two or three times, examining them closely as she did so. Cleopatra wore a huge bouquet, and every now and then she buried her face in it as if smelling the flowers, or laid her ear curiously upon the blossoms.

"The lines of your palm," said she at length, "are confused; and the cards don't seem to be running well today."

"Suppose I give you a little clairvoyance—won't cost you nothing extra." And leaning back in her chair she closed her eyes, and after two or three deep sighs spoke as follows: "You are from the country. Hopkinton—that's the place. I seem to see you working in—yes, I see—it's a general store. The man you work for is named Si—Simon—yes, Simon Ranger. I seem to see you and him partners before long. And what's this? Gypsies! And one of 'em is telling you fortunes. She's all wrong—don't know about the future at all. I see a light-haired girl—you two are in love and you are going to marry her."

"You've had a quarrel—seems to me 'twas about something the gypsy said. But that don't amount to nothing. You'll make up, tonight. Don't you be jealous of nobody. You've been warned against a dark-haired man. Don't you worry—he ain't going to get you out. And whatever you do, don't have no more truck with gypsies—they ain't with it. You and the light-haired girl are going to be married and going to be mighty happy, too."

Opening her eyes, she said in a businesslike manner, "Two dollars, please."

James, who had listened with wide-eyed wonder as the seeress made her mystic revelations, paid the \$2 cheerfully and made his delivery truck hum as he sped homeward, cheerful and happy now that the Fates were on his side. Her majesty of Egypt went into a back room to drink a cup of tea after mystic labors with her niece, a young woman, whom she was taking on as apprentice to the fortune-telling business.

"Why, auntie!" cried the young lady. "I listened, as you told me. How do you do it?"

"Easy enough, Luella," replied Cleopatra. "I got a little wireless telephone by which Jake, the boy, can talk to me from the closet under the stairs. He hasn't the receiver hid in the great bouquet I wear."

"When customers come in Jake goes out to see if they have left any auto or carriage standing in the street; and if they have come back and tells me all about it. This time he found a delivery truck round the corner with 'Simon Ranger, Meats, Groceries, and Dry Goods, Hopkinton,' painted on it. Anybody could see the boy was from the country, and there was a streak of molasses on his coat sleeve. Likewise he smelt of gasoline and groceries. His age said clerk instead of proprietor."

"Soon's Jake telephoned me about the truck I had him. He's a smart sort of chap, and smart chaps in country stores always expect to be taken into partnership, or plan starting a rival shop, unless they leave before they get as old as this teller. I knew from the way he put out his hand for me to read his palm without being told that he'd had his fortune told before. Yet 'twas easy to see that he wasn't a regular; the regulars don't look so healthy."

"I knew the gypsies were at Hopkinton—always keep track of your rivals in the business—and guessed at once he'd had his fortune told by one of 'em. Now, the gypsy patter is always the same—a light-haired man is going to marry a dark-haired girl, and

he must beware of a light-haired woman and a dark-haired man. Now, if he'd just had his fortune told by the gypsies, why did he come to me to have it told again right off? Because, of course, what the gypsy had told him bothered him—didn't agree with his feelings in the case."

"Consequently his gal must be a light-haired one. Now, naturally, he'd told his gal what the gypsy had said, and, naturally, she'd begun nagging about the dark-haired girl and there'd been a little quarrel. I know boys and girls, dearie. If they hadn't had a quarrel he'd a-laughed away the gypsy warning. But, as 'twas, he thought to try another fortune teller. It's all plain, ain't it, dearie?"

"But, auntie, how did you know his name began with J?" asked the apprentice.

"How? Why, he had on a pair of cuff buttons as big as saucers, with a 'J' on 'em. Give me another cup of tea, dearie?"

That night, as Sarah lay with her head reclined on James' shoulder, the lovers having thoroughly "made up," the young man told her of all that Mme. Cleopatra had said to him. And the happy girl exclaimed, "Ain't it just wonderful, Jimmie, how they can tell?"

The moral of this story seems to be that you can't really pry the lid off of the future for 25 cents—it costs at least \$2.

TELLING SPEED OF THOUGHT

Subject Has Been Made the Base of Calculations Which Are Absolutely Correct.

Until recently it was generally considered that a thought occurred with the speed of lightning. But modern methods of measurement have shown that the speed of thought is not by any means exceptional.

The time taken for a nervous impulse to travel from the elbow to the brain and thence to the wrist proved that it did so at about 150 feet a second, says London Tit-Bits.

Similarly a frog thinks at the rate of about 90 feet a second, and it takes two seconds for a whale 150 feet long to realize that he has been harpooned in the tail and to lash out with it.

In some peculiar way, however, the speed of thought seems to depend upon the temperature of the body. If a man's body is warm he is able to think quicker than if he is cold; and if his nerves are frozen they will not conduct impulses at all.

A frog, at seventeen degrees will think only half as quickly as another at thirty-five, while if the frog be warmed to the temperature of a man the animal will think equally as quickly.

A cold-blooded creature like the fresh water mussel thinks only about two and a half inches a second. One of the cuttlefishes thinks at the rate of three feet a second in winter, and the octopus in summer three to five times as quickly.

Many drugs, as well as cold, will decrease the speed of thought—chloroform obviously, and ether and alcohol less obviously.

The ability to think quickly seems to vary, too, with temperament. A melancholic or lethargic man thinks more slowly than a choleric individual. In all cases, however, it is practically impossible to fire out the nerves. They will always think, though the brain which receives the impulses may be too tired to deal with them.

Ovens Used Since 1690

Built in 1690 and used constantly ever since, the ovens of the oldest bakehouse in London are to be closed down. These brick ovens, constructed in Cornhill, year after year have played a prominent part in the lord mayor's banquet, producing the gigantic meals that were such a feature of wondrous years ago, and the smaller but nearly as sumptuous repasts of the present day.

Having served the purpose of providing food for civic banquets in seven reigns, the ovens have at last succumbed to the march of progress and are being superseded by new electrically heated baking equipment.

Working a Word Hard

We do not always realize how frequently we use the same sound to express entirely different meanings. The puzzled Frenchman who was making a visit to a Yankee shipbuilding plant realized it, however. He saw a man working a piece of timber and asked him what he was making.

"A yard," was the laconic reply.

"Is it nearly finished?" the Frenchman asked.

"All but a yard," said the workman.

"Where do you get your timber?"

"From the yard."

Thereupon the Frenchman gave up in despair.—Youth's Companion.

Obscured

"Don't know whether I'm right or—pint not," musingly began Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, who was lounging on the porch of the crossroads store.

"Right, about—yaw-w-w-n-i—what?" questioned a fellow-voter for William J. Bryan.

"Why, I was just about to tow that it 'pours to me that nobody that swags does over gets the best of the deal."—Kansas City Star.

Peculiar Idea of Card Playing

In olden times card playing was regarded as essentially a Christian pastime, and a statute of Henry VII forbids card playing save during the Christmas holidays.

Parents and Friends Appreciated. The longer we live and the more we think, the higher value we learn to put on the friendship and tenderness of parents and of friends.—Doctor Johnson.

To Sharpen Shears

To sharpen shears or scissors get a piece of fine sandpaper and cut it with the dull scissors or shears. It will give them a good edge.

WIVES OF VILLA TELL ROMANCES

Women in Various Parts of Mexico to Claim Estate Worth Millions.

Torreón, Mexico.—Just how many wives did Francisco Villa have?

The question, for years a subject for speculation as one Mrs. Villa after another was heard of, suddenly ceased to be academic when the former bandit leader was killed on his ranch in Durango recently.

From an outlay with no estate save the price on his head, Villa had become a large landholder, and his legal wife and children presumably can claim a large inheritance.

Several alleged wives have already emerged from obscurity, and inquiries in Chihuahua, Durango and along the Mexican border indicate that several more probably will do so. He is generally credited there with ten of them.

Separated on Nuptial Day

A few days after the bandit chief's death a correspondent visited Mrs. Luz Corral Villa at Chihuahua City. Mrs. Luz Villa is of a type rare among Mexicans, a blue-eyed, golden-haired, magnificently built woman, with poise and personality. She is about thirty-six years old, and well educated. After her marriage she added to her education the accomplishments of painting and the piano.

She was married to "General" Villa, as she always calls him, in 1903. In the Catholic church at San Andrés, Mexico, she told the correspondent. They then went to Chihuahua to be married by the court, but before the ceremony could be performed Villa was captured and taken to Mexico City. Upon his return to Chihuahua several months later they were married by the court.

Villa built a beautiful quinta for her on Tenth street in Chihuahua, of which the furnishings alone cost 600,000 pesos or more, she said, and lavished gorgeous jewelry and luxuries upon her. She claims he always spoke of her to his friends as his "only love."

In 1918, during the trouble over the shooting of Americans, Villa sent Donna Luz to the United States for safety, where she remained until 1920.

Villa and Donna Luz had no children, she says, but during most of the time she was in the United States she took care of and educated three of his children, whose mothers were unknown to her.

In 1920 she returned to Mexico, and lived with Villa at Canutillo, his immense ranch. A few days after she arrived there, she declares, Villa brought another wife, Esther Gracón, into the house.

Sent Mistress to Another Town

Nonplussed, however, the large, fair Donna Luz triumphed. She told Villa she would leave him if he did not send Esther away, and he yielded. But he sent her only as far as Chihuahua.

The correspondent saw her there a few days ago, at Avenue Penticlencia, No. 817. "Every time Villa came to Chihuahua he visited me," she declared, "and every month I received money from him."

With Esther gone, peace returned to the ranch at Canutillo, but not for long. One day a letter came addressed to Villa in a woman's hand. Donna Luz opened it. It read: "The law says that you sent me here to see my father, but my father is against our marriage because he believes you are already married. If you can prove the contrary, speak with my uncle, who lives in Parrel." It was signed, "Austaberta Renteria."

Donna Luz knew the girl, she says. Austaberta had once told her that Villa had tortured her father by burning his feet off. Villa never got that letter, Donna Luz admits frankly.

New Favorite Ouster Wife

But neither her influence nor the suppression of the letter which had come into her hands, could keep Villa from acquiring the new wife on whom he had his eyes. However, he annoyed her by presently bringing Austaberta Renteria to Canutillo. Donna Luz protested in vain; they quarreled; he told her to leave, and she left peacefully, according to her story.

Villa, it is said, had a son by Austaberta, who is still living with his mother at Canutillo. She is believed to be the last wife with whom Villa lived.

Both Esther and Donna Luz say their husband was always good to them in his way, never unkind, and that he always provided well for them. They say, too, that his main thought was the education of his children.

Still another wife was found at Torreón, Coahuila. She is Paula Alamillo de Villa, young still, dark and slender, with magnificent eyes.

She married Villa in 1914, when she was only fourteen years old. Her little girl, Evangelina, is now eight years old. She told a simple and straightforward story.

Deceived by Girl's Parents. When Pancho Villa took possession of Torreón with his rebel horde," she said, "he saw me in spite of the fact that wherever he went, all girls were immediately hidden from sight on account of the extreme dread with which all parents beheld him. Shortly afterward he secured my address. Although at that time I was only fourteen years old, Villa came to see my father and asked him for my hand in formal marriage, as is customary in this country, and offered my father \$30,000, United States money, to assure his future from want."

In spite of this offer my father, knowing Villa's reputation, did not hesitate to turn the offer down. Villa's answer was that he always got what he wanted, and since he had the power necessary in this case, he would take me by force. This threat was im-

mediately carried out, and Villa, with pistol in hand, forcibly married me. Just before the ceremony, probably as a sort of bribe to make me more friendly toward him, he gave me \$5,000 American money to buy suitable clothes with.

Says Villa Was Generous

"As long as Villa stayed in Torreón and lived with me, which was about a year, he treated me with every consideration, and gave me 500 pesos a month for expenses. It was toward the end of this year that our little daughter was born. Villa showed great love for her, and named her Evangelina."

The end of our short romance came when the federal troops drove Villa to the mountains in 1916, and I and my baby were left in Torreón with no means of support. I had to go to work as a seamstress, although I had never done such work before."

In 1921, when Villa surrendered to General Martínez, I hurried to Tlahualilo to see him, and he gave me some money and assured me my troubles were all over. He promised he would send some one to Torreón to arrange for a residence for me, but this promise was never kept.

Expected to Be Left Out

"In spite of all that has happened I must say that throughout our relations Villa was always very kind to me and seemed to want me to love him, or at least return in part his own love for me."

"At present I do not know what arrangements he has made for me and the little girl, but I do not think we will get anything from his very rich estate."

The story of Juana Torres de Villa has been told in several ways. She was a beautiful girl of pure Spanish stock, educated in the North. Her family became impoverished and she took a position in a store at Torreón, where Villa saw her in 1913. He seized her. She told him she would kill herself unless he married her, and he willingly went through the ceremony. According to most of the stories, she grew to love her captor. A baby girl was born, and Villa sent mother and child to Los Angeles.

Oath Reported in Los Angeles

It was reported in 1917 that she had gone to Chihuahua in the hope of rejoining him, and had been captured by the Carranzistas when they took the city, sent to Mexico City, and there shot by Villa's enemies.

Later reports, however, told of her death in Los Angeles. The child has lived at the Canutillo ranch since then.

Four other children of Villa are said to be known, with their mothers, all of whom are living in Canutillo. Several more women who have lived with Villa at various times now live in El Paso, and have signified their intention of asking for a share of the estate.—New York World.

Britain Plans to Build

World's Largest Plane

London.—The British air ministry experts are at work perfecting an airplane engine of 1,500 horsepower, which will be the largest known.

The new giant of the air will have six cylinders, each developing 250 horsepower.

If the present experiments are successful the experts will begin work on a 12-cylinder engine to have more than 3,000 horsepower. Airplanes fitted with three such engines will carry 120 passengers at 100 miles an hour.

The aim of British builders for some time past has been to produce an engine which would cool itself merely by reason of its own swift passage through the air. This would eliminate radiators, water-jackets and other impediments in water-cooled engines. Some of the best brains in the world have been endeavoring to solve this problem.

Eats Fruit Canned in 1885

Ridgely, Wash.—Grapes canned in 1885, while she was living in Nebraska, are still in good edible condition and in the possession of Mrs. Thomas Beasley, near here. Mrs. Beasley has hauled the "canned" fruit about several times in traveling from one state to another. One jar of the fruit sealed 39 years ago was served recently.

First Woman Doctor

Vienna.—Margaret Ungar, a law student at the Franz Josef university in Szegedin, was made a full doctor of law recently, the first of her sex to win that honor in Hungary.

Man Dies to Prove

His Wife Was Wrong

Paris.—For the first time in 20 years of married life, Julien Perrinet proved his wife wrong. But he died to do it.

"How long do I have to endure your nagging?" he asked her.

"Forever," she replied.

"Are you sure you're right?" he countered.

"I'm always right," she boasted.

"This time you're wrong," said Perrinet as he shot himself twice through the head. He died instantly.

Fatal to Attacker and Attacked

Riding a few miles from Charters Towers, Queensland, Australia, a man came across a dead brown snake about three feet long transfixed to the ground by the beak of a laughing jackass, also dead. The bird's beak had passed through the snake's body just behind the neck. Evidently the bird had made a miscalculation and the sudden end of his dive had broken his neck.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

MOODS NOT GOOD

Reliability Always an Asset in One's Life.

Man Who Is Swayed by Impulse, or by His Liver, Is Not the One Who Reaches Success.

Uncertain weather is the worst weather. It may be fine; it may be wet. If you rely on the former, the chances are that you get the latter. It may be the other way about, too. Most annoying.

An uncertain tradesman annoys, also. The joint is promised "by eleven o'clock, madam, most certainly." It arrives at twenty minutes to one. Another tradesman promises to send a gasfitter at once. The man comes two days later.

That sort of thing puts a tradesman out of favor and he loses custom. He doesn't get on, and perhaps wonders why, a writer in London Answers states.

But tradesmen are not the only "uncertain" folk. Nor does uncertainty merely apply to the delivery of goods. There's the uncertainty of mood, and those thus afflicted are like the uncertain tradesman—they don't get on. For it is obvious that he who is uncertain, "touchy," and disobliging has a self-imposed handicap in life's competitive struggle.

The man of whom it can be said that he is "always the same"—not a creature of moods, that is—the man who gets on. And that applies as much to the employer as the employee.

"The boss is in a wretched mood this morning," said a shop assistant recently, in the writer's hearing. "I'm hanged if I'm going to bother about things."

Are you one of the "uncertain" sort? Is your day's mood something which your wife, children, friends, staff, employer or fellow workers have to ascertain before they know how to approach you?

If so, put your self-barometer at "Settled" and keep it there. The uncertain man is always unsuccessful. He cannot keep his friends.

The policy of a smile today and a snap tomorrow isn't good enough. He halts on the ladder of success because—well, it is obvious that he who is uncertain cannot be reliable.

We must master our moods and not let them master us. That applies equally to the uncertainty which is chronic and that which is occasional. Bad or sad news may put us in a depressed mood.

A money loss or an annoyance may put us in a disagreeable mood. Those, and the like, should be kept for private consumption. We're not right to depress others or to penalize them for an offense in which they have had no part.

To be tabbed as "uncertain" is exactly the same as if we entered a race wearing leaden shoes. Take the tab off.

"Madstone" a Myth?

The belief that a madstone cures hydrophobia is an old tradition with no foundation. The Pasteur treatment administered by a competent physician is the only effective treatment known. For centuries the talley of the madstone treatment has existed among men. But according to physicians, no person treated with a madstone ever recovered if the poison of rabies actually found its way into the blood. Many persons, after having been attacked by a supposedly rabid animal, have recovered upon the application of a madstone to the wound. The madstone effect, however, was wholly imaginary. The history of the madstone is as mythical as the efficacy of the stone in the treatment of rabies. It generally is conceded, however, that the "stone" was a part of the practice of medicine in India in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Later explorations carried it to Europe and thence to America.

Kitten Petted by Prince

There is a black kitten purring with pride in Birmingham, says a London Daily Express item. It will probably be known in future as "the prince's kitten."

The prince of Wales paid a visit to the Dunlop works, where he walked through an avenue of workgirls, who waved handkerchiefs and blew kisses enthusiastically. Half-way along the line a girl in white sprang forward and placed a little black kitten in the prince's arms. A bright smile broke over the prince's face, and the kitten, which, somewhat scared, tried to burrow under his arm. The prince then placed it tenderly at his feet, and it turned tail and fled, amid roars of laughter.

The Extreme in Politics

Little Joan's father was a congressman and a Republican, and according to Joan breathed an atmosphere of politics and believed only Republicans went to heaven. Her big sister's chum had the stigma of being a Democrat, and though she frequently stayed with the family, Joan considered her a rank heretic and only tolerated her through a natural largesse of heart. One evening, when the chum happened to be occupying the guest chamber, Joan stumbled into it looking for her sister and surprised the lady of Democratic convictions in the midst of her devotion. "Oh!" exclaimed Joan in open-mouthed amazement, "I never knew you said your prayers! I thought you were a Democrat!"—Chicago Daily News.

Cleaning Sewing Machine. Use sewing machine oil on a soft cloth to clean the wood parts of a sewing machine. It appears as if polishing also keeps the finish from cracking and makes it look like new. Or any good furniture polish will do.

'GRANDSONS' OF NOTED TREES

Cuttings From Famous Monarchs of the Forest Are Flourishing at Several Historical Points.

Grandsons and great-grandsons of the famous "Treaty Elm" tree, under which William Penn concluded his treaty with the Indians in 1682, are growing in various places in Pennsylvania, the state department of forests and waters pointed out in a bulletin on "Some Historic Trees of Pennsylvania."

The department calls attention also to some of the other famous trees in Pennsylvania.

The Penn treaty elm stood at Shackamaxon street in Kensington. It came into the possession of the ancestors of Gen. Paul Oliver, who discovered that a shoot was springing from the roots of the old tree.

He transplanted this shoot to Bry Ridge, N. Y., where it flourished for about fifty years. When it had grown to be a medium-size tree he transplanted the whole tree to his home near Wilkesbarre, where it still stands before the town chapel.

On April 10, 1690, a shoot from this tree was planted on the campus of the University of Pennsylvania by Governor Hastings in honor of William Penn and this has grown into a healthy tree of stately proportions.

Other scions of the historic tree stand at the Pennsylvania hospital in Philadelphia, in the yard of the Friends' meeting house, Philadelphia, and on the Haverford college campus.

The grandson of the famous Penn treaty elm on the Haverford college campus stands immediately in front of the main building. This tree was presented to the college by Joshua Bittly. On April 11, last, this tree had a breast-high circumference of 9.0 feet, a height of 80 feet and a branch spread of 100 feet.

Another grandson stands on the campus of the Westtown school, about four miles east of West Chester. This tree was planted by Doctor Willis. It is now 48 feet in height and 15.3 inches in diameter.

Seven great-grandsons of the Penn treaty elm are growing on the Haverford village campus about 250 feet southeast of Robert's hall. These trees were developed from cuttings taken from the grandson of the Penn treaty elm also on the Haverford campus.

Harnessing Turbulent River

The Yellow river, China's most treacherous waterway, which caused incalculable damage when it broke its banks two years ago and made a new channel, is to be returned to its original course. Fourteen thousand laborers are engaged in the building of dykes, and it is expected soon to increase the number to 20,000. The executive secretary of the China international famine relief commission estimated the cost of coralling the Yellow river at \$1,500,000, Chinese currency, of which sum the finance commission of the government relief bureau has provided \$800,000. Hundreds of square miles of territory north of the old river bed in the vicinity of King Chia Pa was flooded during the spring of 1921 by the breaking of a dyke and thousands of families were made homeless. Since then the district has been only sparsely repopulated, due to the fear of a recurrence of the catastrophe.

Wonderful Earrings

Within the last decade has occurred the return of the earrings so long laid aside. Few seen today, however, surpass in taste and delicate finish the earrings of Blotie, the daughter of Aristotle, which were found in Chalcis, where the young woman was buried.

These ornaments represented doves swinging in golden hoops. The miniature birds were

Charles M. Cole,
PHARMACIST,
342 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER

ALL PERSONS desiring to have water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

WISHING

Black bass and muskallonge,
Crappie, pike and trout—
Cast a fly, drop a lead,
Yank the sucker out!
O, the day that lies ahead,
The beacon of my wish!
Come along, you summer time,
And let me catch a fish!

Long days and dreamy days,
Days of sheer delight,
Watching 'em, feeling 'em,
Waiting for a bite!
Strike, you funny beauties, strike!
Show your back or head
And watch your Uncle Henry jump
To reel a wicked thread!

Fish and baby bye,
Don't sit up for me!
River, brook, nookie, lake,
Channel to the sea!
Big fish and little fish,
And may the wind hold fair!
For I am going to the bay,
And heaven's near to there!

Princes, kings and presidents,
Bankers, lords and falls,
What are little things to me?
I am out for whistles!
Big fish and little fish,
God and sail for me!
And may the wind blow fair and hold,
Till I come back from sea!

CLERKS SWORN TO SECRECY

In Some Places the Oath Is Given Yearly as Business Men's Safeguard.

The recent litigation connected with an alleged breach of the bond of secrecy, between a bank and its client has aroused considerable interest in banking circles and the commercial world generally, says London Tit-Bits.

On entering the service of a bank, every clerk is compelled to make a declaration of secrecy, when he undertakes to refrain from giving any information respecting the accounts of the bank's clients.

So important is this matter in the eyes of bank directors that in more than one big bank the staff have to sign this declaration annually, and are thus constantly reminded of the necessity for secrecy.

Without this safeguard, the business man would lose faith in his banker, not only would it be unpleasant to know that his business was made common knowledge, but in some cases the leaking out of details of some transactions might also lead to serious loss.

Information about clients of a restricted and guarded nature is often exchanged between bankers. It is well known that a man's best reference is his banker. Perhaps he has arranged to guarantee a friend's overdraft at another bank; the latter will ask for the name of the guarantor's bankers as a reference, and will inquire of them whether, in their opinion, his standing is sufficient to warrant their acceptance of the guaranty. The phrase, "good for your requirements," is usually all that is necessary to satisfy the applicants as to the bona fides of the guarantor.

So strict are the rules as to secrecy in a bank that the officials will noways refuse to give information of any description over the telephone, even though the client himself is inquiring.

Mammoth Pig

What is claimed to be the largest pig in the world was exhibited in Australia recently.

The animal weighs 1,189 pounds, or more than half a ton, and measures eight feet three inches in length. Its height is three feet nine inches; it has a waist measurement of six feet five inches; while it is only twenty-five months old.

This giant looks more like a hippopotamus than a pig, and when it has finished growing it is probable that it will resemble an elephant more than a product of the farmyard.



TOO MODEST

Bug: Shucks, every time I try to kiss Miss Snail, she goes in her shell.

Car Jumps Back on Track

In a remarkable accident on the Northeastern railway, near Stannington, England, recently, a derailed car, after breaking nearly 1,000 of the fishplates that hold the rails to the ties, jumped back on the rails while the train was speeding at 60 miles an hour.

The car was part of a fast freight. The astounding feature of the accident was that the train continued at its high speed. Popular Science Monthly.

The Gutter Plan

John P. White says it is right and proper for folks to be forever hounding opportunity, but what appeals more to John is to be so much above the average that opportunity goes out of her way to seek him.—Exchange.

Producing Good Quality of Hay

Sooner Timothy Is Cut After Coming Into Full Bloom the Better the Crop.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
Don't let timothy hay stand too long before cutting, advises the United States Department of Agriculture. Only a small percentage of timothy hay marketed each year grades No. 1, statistics show, but the department's hay grading specialists have found that a large part of the timothy hay which has been grading No. 2 and No. 3 timothy would have been No. 1 had it been cut at an earlier stage of maturity, provided the method of curing and weather conditions were favorable for producing a good quality of hay.

Color Determines Grade

Under the United States timothy grades, which have been recommended recently by the Department of Agriculture, color alone determines the grade unless the hay is very weedy. Color in hay is caused by the amount of brown leaf surface, brown or bleached heads, and bleached and off-colored stems. It has been found that there is a close relation between the time of cutting or stage of maturity of timothy hay, and the amount of color.

In the United States grades for timothy hay the maximum allowance of brown leaf surface for No. 1 timothy is 40 per cent, with 2 per cent of brown or bleached heads, and 5 per cent of bleached or off-colored stems. To prevent the color from exceeding these limits, it has been found that under normal conditions, the hay as cured by the average haymaker must be cut not later than when in full bloom. In some sections, and under certain conditions, it may be advisable to cut the hay even earlier.

There appears to be an idea prevalent among producers in some sections that early cut hay is more washy or laxative than hay that is ripe, but there is practically no accurate data on this subject. Agricultural experiment stations have found, however, that the sooner hay is cut after coming into full bloom, the more total digestible nutrients it will contain. This earlier cut hay also will be palatable and relished by stock.

Since hay cut at this time is more nutritious, and will also be of a higher commercial grade than late cut hay, producers are urged to cut their hay at the proper time unless it is imperative that more important work must be done on other crops.

Weather Is Important Factor

Weather is also an important factor in producing good hay. Best quality hay is often almost ruined by rain. While hay which has been stained by rain or heavy dew may often be fed on the farms to advantage, it is discounted in the markets. Producers should keep this damaged hay separate from the better hay, as it is impossible to separate it later when baling or marketing. A little damaged hay mixed with the good frequently causes the buyer to refuse to take the better hay except at a very heavy discount. Only choice qualities of hay bring the higher prices, therefore producers should harvest their hay properly.

The suggestions recommended by the Department of Agriculture are summarized as follows:

1. Start cutting your timothy hay as soon as possible after the meadow reaches early or first full bloom.
2. Cure in the manner that will best preserve the color and quality of the hay.
3. If any hay becomes stained or damaged from rain or too long exposure to the sun, store apart from the good hay; also keep weedy hay separate from the clean hay.

Good Grain Mixture to Feed to Growing Calves

At the time calves are changed from whole to skim milk, they are ready to begin eating small amounts of grain, which should be placed before them in small feeding boxes. Or if they are tied in stanchions for milk feeding, the grain can be put in the manger before they are released. Just a very small handful is all the calf will take at first, and only as much should be fed as the animal will clean up.

Ground corn is very palatable, and it can be fed alone or in combination with other grains, such as ground oats, bran, and some oil meal. It sometimes helps to get the calf started on grain by putting a small amount on its tongue and muzzle when the empty milk pail is taken away. This also puts a stop to sucking the ears of the calf in the next tie. After the young animal's appetite for grain has increased, the corn and oats can be fed whole, but many feeders continue to let them have ground grain.

A good grain mixture to feed to growing calves is made up of 500 pounds of ground corn, 300 pounds ground or whole oats, and 100 pounds linseed oil meal.

Hay can also be placed before the calves at this time in a small rack. Clover hay, mixed clover and timothy, or alfalfa hay not too leafy, are all satisfactory.

An early start in grain and hay insures the proper development of the digestive organs of the young animal, and assists in promoting vigorous growth.—M. H. Fohrman, Superintendent of Official Testing, University Farm, St. Paul.

Thought for the Day

Truthfulness may not be as pleasant as mere agreeableness, but it wears longer.

Doing and Being Done

It is all right to do for your friends, but it is all wrong to be done by your friends.

Recognize Importance of Pure Bred Females

Shown Most Conspicuously in Case of Hogs.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In the improvement of live stock, a movement which is being accelerated by various states and the United States Department of Agriculture through the "Better Sires—Better Stock" campaign, the sire exerts the greater influence, but, once the grading-up process has been started, the importance of well-bred dams must be recognized. It is only through the use of pure bred females that it is possible to preserve and carry on the full value of good sires. A pure bred sire and a pure bred dam are necessary to reproduce a pure bred, which maintains an unbroken stream of known blood.

That farmers soon recognize the need for pure blood, on both sides of an animal's ancestry is indicated by the figures collected by the Department of Agriculture in the campaign just referred to. The adoption of pure bred sires in most cases soon results in the purchase of a few registered females. In the last department report showing the kinds and breeding of animals owned by farmers and breeders enrolled in the campaign, they were shown to have on their farms 21,641 pure bred sires and 134,020 pure bred females. The tendency toward the wider adoption of pure bred dams is shown most conspicuously in the case of hogs, the most rapid multiples of the domestic farm animals. In the list of hogs owned by men who have joined the campaign 62.8 per cent of the sows are pure bred. Cattle come next, with 35.9 per cent of the females pure bred. For horses the percentage is 12.5 per cent; asses 24.6 per cent; sheep and goats about 18.5 per cent. In the list of fowls owned there are 35,105 pure bred males and 514,422 females, which is nearly 70 per cent of all the female fowls listed.

The breeder, who sells pure bred sires is building a market for pure bred females.

Chase Sour Cherry Most Satisfactory at Geneva

The Chase sour cherry, believed to have originated near Riga, Monroe county, New York, has proved so satisfactory on the grounds of the experiment station at Geneva that the station fruit specialists are recommending that it be planted in place of English Morello, the standard late sour cherry for North America. The Chase is described as being of the same type of cherry as the Morello, but with fewer faults.

The trees of the Chase are larger, healthier, more spreading, and the branches do not droop as do those of Morello, says the station horticulturist. "The leaves are larger, and the fruit better distributed. The cherries are larger, possess the same dark color and shape of the Morello, except with a deeper cavity, and ripen a little earlier, but are much milder in flavor and therefore pleasanter to eat out of hand than the sour, astringent Morello. The Chase is an improved Morello and should be planted in place of that well-known variety."

Clover or Grass Sod Big Help for Potato Plant

"Fertilization of the potato crop by clover sod is a matter of major importance on heavy clay soils low in humus," says M. J. Thompson, superintendent of the northeast Minnesota experiment station. A summary by Mr. Thompson of seven years of potato work shows that clover or grass sod is the cheapest and most important factor in potato production on heavy clay soil. "When pastured the previous year," says the superintendent, "the largest yield occurred; when the hay crop was plowed under, the yield dropped nine bushels; and when the hay crop was harvested, the yield dropped 25 bushels." An experiment made in 1922 indicates that early planting is to be preferred. Potatoes planted June 6 produced only 86 per cent as much as stock planted May 20; the June 20 crop was 55 per cent and the July 1 crop 50 per cent of the yields from the May 20 plots. Not only were the yields of the later plantings inferior, but the quality was below standard.

Many Farmers Anxious to Learn New Methods

Meetings on farms where crops or live stock were being grown under the direction of the agricultural extension agent to demonstrate approved methods, or other demonstrations in farm practices given by extension agents, were attended by over 88,500 farmers in 1922, according to reports to the United States Department of Agriculture. More than 470,000 farmers attended extension schools or short courses to learn new farming methods which the agricultural colleges and experiment stations have found profitable. The total number of farmers attending extension meetings of all kinds during the year is estimated to be over 140,000.

Straining Cloths Need Efficient Sterilization

Straining cloths for milk should be changed whenever they become soiled. They should be thoroughly washed and sterilized after each using. Efficient sterilization is accomplished by boiling or exposure to steam for at least five minutes.

"I never hawl out my husband for dropping cigar ashes on the carpet or jerking back the lace curtains so he can see out or using the guest towel, or things like that, because I want him to feel his home is a place he is free to do just as he pleases," said a careful housewife to her neighbor.—Chicago American.

Cool Clothes for Mid-Summer Wear

Wide Range of Hot Weather Apparel That Assures Milady Comfort.

Did you have a thought a while back that you might get through with the summer months without any really thin clothes? And then came the very hot weather. Well, of course, we'll have to take it for granted that your mind has changed. For the next two months at least, writes a fashion correspondent in the New York Times, there will be days and days when only thin, light-dresses will suffice, and the important question now is how to make those frocks thin enough and cool enough to be satisfactory and wearable, and still to cast about them that happy crispness of expression that makes them look as comfortable as they really are.

It is all right to feel cool, but you don't want to look dowdy at the same time, and that is the effect that so many thin summer things are apt to cast about them in spite of themselves. They look well enough in the hand, or on the hangers, or on the youthful models in the smart shops, but take them to your own boudoir and put them on and there is sometimes the most bitter disappointment awaiting you. You see that they are not right at all—that you had not judged your summer expression with sufficient clarity, and that you turn out to be, in the hot weather regalia, something that looks totally foreign to your own feeling and to the appearance that you are accustomed to throw out into the world.

Now, all this means that you must study your hot-weather self with as much care and forethought as you usually spend upon your cold or even medium-weather self. You must realize that your temperament changes subtly, and that you do not have the same things to give to a summer costume as you have ready to supply to a winter one. You may have better ones for summer, or worse ones, but at all events, they need special attention when it comes to surrounding them with clothes. You must take in the exigencies of the case, conforming your thoughts, and your appearance to the state of the weather, which, after all, you cannot escape, unless you flee to Alaska, which it is the privilege of very few of us to do.

Use for Electric Iron.
You will raise all sorts of complaints about the mousiness of summer materials. Yes, that is their great drawback, but, then, they have so many and various advantages that you must needs face the electric iron as a part of your summer equipment and equip your views and opinions to that condition of affairs. A little pressing is a small price to pay for comparative comfort and coolness when the days take on that state of temperature which is bound to oppress you at every turn whether your mind is set against the contingency or not.

Now, if you are in the country, thin summer things are a matter of course. Every one is doing them and you are meeting with people dressed as you

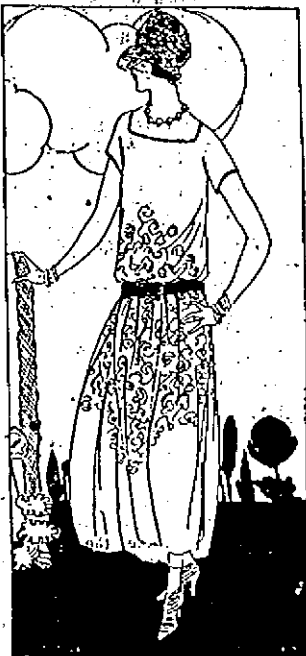


The 1920 Period Style of Dress Is Beautifully Carried Out in This Summer Frock of Mauve Organdie and Lace.

are at every turn of the road. This is particularly true of vacations, when you can afford to look around for comfortable spots, and for places that are attuned to the wearing of certain clothes. You will find frocks already designed and made for this emergency—and after all it is no emergency at all, but a certain form of happening in a certain sort of woman's life. There are morning clothes and garden clothes and evening clothes—all of the simplest varieties and designs—all constituted to make you look your best when surrounded by the open spaces of the country. These costumes are more or less simple, depending upon your taste and the kind of society in which you mix. Then there come the clothes of the woman who is confined to the city and who cannot leave there. They are not so simple, because of the many restrictions. But then they are all beautiful when they are well done, and they all manage to fit into the scheme of things when it comes to the last analysis.

The materials this season are better and more durable than they have been for some time past. When you come to look into the subject you will find that they possess certain wearable qualities which are not nearly

so questionable as they have been heretofore. They wash well and press well. They are dyed so perfectly that they keep their color. They are woven with a certain amount of resistance.



Embroidered White Organdie Is Cut Most Simply and Gracefully Posed Over a Bright Green Silk Under Dress.

so that they do not fall to pieces at the first breath, and they manage to keep their shapes and contour through many emergencies.

Must Watch the Details.
The big point is how to make them up so that they will look smart and be as unobtrusive as it is possible for them to be. That is a simple enough process, only you must watch the details and let no intricacy of workmanship escape your attention. Once you decide upon the thing that is your style and type, it may perhaps be easier to carry it out at home with the help of your trusted seamstress. However, there are wonderful values to be had in the way of ready-made clothes this season. You can have two dresses for last year's one if you do not insist upon going into fields that are made only for millionaires.

Take the organdie dress, for instance. This stuff costs much less than formerly, and a very good quality, too—good enough, certainly, to last through the washings of a season. And who wants to carry a summer dress over to a second year? The more expensive organdies may suit you better, but they are, no better, for a season's wear, and the casual observer cannot tell the difference in the quality. You can make it up then, with no trimming—simply with applications of tucks or frills of its own material—and you can see that it, with its sash and collar of the same material, turns out to be the smartest of frocks to be seen about the neighborhood. The becomingness of the color chosen is the chief concern; and then the lines should suit your own particular type of figure.

Fichus are extremely smart this season, and they certainly have a peculiar quality of making a dress a becoming matter as added to any wardrobe. They are nicest when they are made from white organdie. They can then be worn with different sorts of frocks, from gingham to dotted swisses, with the latter especially managing to look their best. It can be a large and all-embracing fichu or it can be a slim and slender one. And, by the by, the fichu, it can be pulled on its edge or left plain, according to your own standard of taste or the demands of the design of your gown and the portion of the day that it is meant to grace. Fichus are sometimes made of net or of all-over patterns of lace.

1920 Styles in Fashion.
Now the 1920 styles that have crept into fashion during the last season have a fine opportunity to display their airs and graces when it comes to thin summer materials. All of the full and drooping lines have an especial opportunity to show off the gracefulness of their designs when it comes to thinner materials. The era of dress fairly calls for laces and ruffles and wide, deep berthas of lace—all those finesses and flutings which made the women of that era attractive are now in the extreme of good taste and style. They seem to fit with thin materials even better than they do with thicker and more wintry ones, and so those women who wish to be appealing and beautiful in that particular way will find the road all prepared for them.

One of these dresses has wide flouncing of lace about the bottom of the skirt and the cross lines of lace applied above that point. The dress is made of pale mauve chiffon and the lace is dyed to match, so that, with little handworkings of pink it becomes the prettiest sort of a summer frock with every point of coolness about its making and every line of dignity and charm about its design.

The hat worn with this frock is so suitable that it is beautiful, though it has no pretension to modern style about it other than the widely drooping brim that is in complete accord with the downward trending lines of the frock's design.

The Term After Ego

The first time the words alter ego were used in diplomatic sense, they were applied to the Spanish viceroys, when exercising the power of the king. They mean, "another or second I."

Stray Bits of Wisdom

Truth is like a pearl; he alone possesses it who has plunged into the depth of life and torn his hands on the rocks of time.—Laboulaye.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The Scrap Book

KEEPS FROGS FROM CROAKING

Wisconsin Man Refrigerates Dozens of the Swamp so They Won't Worry Neighbors.

To reach maturity and the frying pan without having emitted a single croak is the fate of 1,000,000 frogs raised in Oshkosh, Wis., each year. The frogs are hatched, footed into thinking it's winter all the time, fattened and their legs marketed. Each year 2,000,000 legs leave Oshkosh to be browned in butter and cracker crumbs the country over, says the Omaha Bee.

Emil Neuenfeldt is the man who has made the Wisconsin city probably the greatest frog city in the country today. His "city of frogs" is located in his diminutive back yard.

The million frogs are kept in concrete trenches, each 50 feet long and 6 feet wide. Each is fitted with a refrigerating plant and running water. The frogs are brought in from nearby creeks and marshes. During the harvest season as many as fifty men are employed.

By means of the refrigerating plant Neuenfeldt leads the frogs to believe that winter has come. Their croakings cease at once. They are fattened and the legs marketed, without causing neighbors the slightest inconvenience.

HAD BETTER WALK



Old Gent—My friend, I understand this road'll carry me to town—is that so?

Tramp—Maybe 'tis, boss, but yer'll git here sooner if yer walk.

Millet Studio a Museum.
The ramshackle building, in the main street of the art center, Barbizon, where Jean-Francois Millet painted "The Angelus" and other masterpieces, is being restored to its exact condition when used by the master. It will be opened officially to tourists and art pilgrims by a representative of the ministry of fine arts about the end of next month.

The restoration is almost a work of love by Doughty, the last painter of the Barbizon school, who, after discovering a long hidden set of camera plates showing almost every corner of Millet's home, bought the lease and commented to rebuild and replace, covering the expenses of his operations by the sale of copies of Millet's best-known canvases. When complete, the house will be virtually a Millet museum.

No Affection There

Two men, bumped into each other on a business street in the business height of the day. Both looked as if they were on a rush to sign important papers.

"Lo, Bob. Give me a match."

"Same old gimble, boy—where you off to?"

"Movie. Want to go?"

"Nothing doing—on my way to lunch."

And a forlorn spinster person who listened felt within herself what a boon it is, now and then, to hear them talk as man to man.—Exchange.

A Social Error

A certain young couple in Irvington invited as Sunday dinner guests another young couple.

Unknown to Mr. Husband, Mrs. Hostess had run out of butter for the meal and had telephoned the coming guests to bring some, which they did.

In the midst of the dinner the host suddenly said: "Rose, you can give the company butter if you want to, but after this give me nothing like this—for this is the rottenest butter I ever ate."—Indianapolis News.

Something of a Puzzle

A Maine farmer at an auction of live stock sold a mare and her three-year-old colt. They had seldom been parted. The mare went two miles from home and the colt four miles in the opposite direction. Two months later the two animals returned home, a few days apart. Our correspondent says how did the animals, although six miles apart, return home almost together?

Berlin Thieves Steal Doorknobs.
Doorknob thieves have been causing Berlin householders much annoyance. Hotels, apartment houses, office buildings and private dwellings have all been prey to the searchers for second-hand brass. In one of Berlin's leading hotels the brass nozzles on the fire hose in the corridors disappeared one night, together with many other brass fixtures.

Keeps Up Old Custom

Following a custom he began seven years ago, Justice of the Peace J. P. Fowler of Montgomery, Pa., walked over the White Deer mountain to Williamsport, a distance of eleven miles, in celebration of his birthday. It was his eighty-ninth anniversary.—Ort.

RIGHT

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, September 13, 1873

Tenth of September

The anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie is remembered with manifestations of pleasure by the people of Newport, for it was by the valor of her sons principally that the eventful victory was achieved. We of the present day have but faint idea of the gladness that must have been felt when that memorable message sped through village and town: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." The commander, Oliver H. Perry, one of the officers, Capt. William V. Taylor, Capt. Daniel Turner, Capt. Stephen Champlain, Sailing Master Thomas C. Almy, Acting Sailing Master Thomas Brownell, Lieut. Thomas Breeze, Lieut. Joseph James A. Perry, Midshipman Peleg K. Dunham, Midshipman Christopher R. Perry, and 200 of the sailors were either citizens of Newport or our near neighbors. The victory was won and the whole nation acknowledged the great blessings resulting therefrom.

The anniversary came this year on Wednesday and in accordance with previous arrangements the Artillery Company, Lt. Col. Sherman commanding, numbering eighty-five, accompanied by the Newport Band, met at the Armory at 9 a. m. and at once proceeded to the Atlantic House, where they received as their guest, Major General Ambrose E. Burnside. The Company then marched up Thames street, where halts were made at the residences of the late Commodore William V. Taylor and Purser Thomas Breeze, to the depot, where train was taken for Tiverton and to the Lawton House, where the day was to be observed. A general program of exercises followed at the Lawton House and in the evening at Newport. The day was one of great enjoyment.

The building formerly owned by J. J. Stacy on Thames street, was sold at auction the other day for three dollars. The purchaser immediately thereafter sold it for three dollars and fifty cents, thereby realizing the handsome profit of fifty cents by his speculation in real estate. After considerable more speculation the building was torn down, Mr. J. D. Hilder the purchaser of the land, will immediately proceed to erect a three-story building on the spot.

We understand that Dr. Stanton, one of our most skilled physicians, will leave for Europe early in December to further perfect himself in his practice. The Doctor is about to take into partnership with himself a young man from Boston. (The young man from Boston is still here and his name is Dr. Squire.)

There are more houses in process of erection in this city at the present time than there have been before for many years.

The Boston Journal says that Detectives Pinkham and Jones recovered on Monday a horse valued at \$500, which was stolen three years ago from George P. Lawton, proprietor of the Lawton House, Tiverton, R. I.

The Newport Light Infantry, Col. Hogan, will go on an excursion to Taunton on the 23d. General A. L. Burdick will accompany them.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury September 17, 1898

The total registration in the public schools of Newport, as reported by Supt. Baker, is as follows: Rogers High School 223, Grammar schools 623, Intermediate schools 611, Primary schools 1024, Kindergarten and Parish 144.

On returning from Washington County Fair Thursday afternoon, Mr. James H. Goddard of this city had his pocket picked at Wickford Junction. The nimble fingered gentry relieved him of \$140 in gold cash, some \$40 of which was in gold pieces.

The armored cruiser Brooklyn, formerly the flagship of Admiral Schley, arrived here on Thursday and anchored off the Torpedo Station. Capt. Francis A. Cook was in command. The holed and abrasures made by shots in the Battle of Santiago, where the stalwart cruiser bore the brunt of the fight, are still plainly visible and attract much attention.

Mr. Dudley Newton has prepared plans for the improvements and addition to the Newport County Jail, and they have been approved by the commission consisting of Senator Horton, Col. Wetherell and Mr. Oscar A. Newell.

Fighting Bob Evans has been relieved from the command of the Iowa, and assigned to duty as a member of the Naval Inspection Board.

Corporal John H. Shaw, Co. F, 1st R. I. Regiment, who has been at home on sick leave, left yesterday to rejoin his regiment at Camp Meade.

Corporals George H. Wilbur and Privates Robert Biesel, August Blom, and Frank G. Wilbur, of Co. F, 1st Regiment, were the only Newport boys who were found by Surgeon General Kenyon among the sick of this state's troops. They are at the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital in Philadelphia.

Next Wednesday will be the annual inspection of Washington Commandery of this city by Em. Sir George R. Hilton of Lynn Mass., the Grand Senior Warden of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

On Friday, September 23, Grand Chancellor Phillips of the Grand Lodge, Knights of Pythias, will make an official visit to Redwood Lodge, No. 11 of this city.

The new union station in Providence is to be opened for public business tomorrow.

The three new battleships to be built by this country will be the finest afloat. These monsters when completed, experts say, will be the most powerful war vessels in the world.

(Alas! these monsters were built and after due time assigned to the scrap heap.

The condition of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt since his return from Europe shows daily improvement, and that gentleman finds that Newport air is one of the best tonics he could have.

Married, in this city, 14th inst., by Rev. J. H. Allen, Lewis Lawton Simmons, Jr., to Miss Ella Popple both of this city.

IN GYPSY FROLIC

Wild Knife-Dance Apparently Enjoyed by Both Sexes.

Dangerous Play to Wild Muso That Is Supposed to Be a Prelude to Nuptials.

In "The Bucleon Treasure," a novel by Arthur D. Boudon Smith in Everybody's Magazine, the following account of a gypsy knife dance is given:

She seized a blazing stick from the fire and ran round the circle, waving it over her head until she came to where Nikka sat.

"Ho, Giorgi Bouda! You who do not fear the knife—will you dance the knife dance with me?"

Every eye in the circle was fixed on Nikka, for to have refused her invitation would have been a deadly insult, equivalent to a declaration of enmity toward her family and tribe. Similarly, acceptance of it amounted to an admission that he considered her favorably as a wife, without definitely committing him to matrimony.

Nikka did not hesitate. He stepped to her side. She slipped one arm round his waist, and with the other swung her torch until it showered sparks over the circle.

"Ho!" she cried.

"Ho!" echoed Nikka.

And they pranced round the fire while the music began an air so fiercely wild that it made the blood thrill to listen to it. Then she flung down her torch and fore free from Nikka's arm. He followed her. She eluded him. Round and round they tore, keeping step the while. Now she accepted him; now she rejected him. At last he turned from her, arms folded, contemptuously unmoved. She wooed him with rhythmic ardor. He denied her. She drew her knife; he drew his. Eyes glaring, lips plucked, they circled one another, felting, striking, leaping, posturing.

"Click!" The blades struck together.

"Click! Click!" they cried.

"Click! Click! Click!" went the knife blades.

"Ho! Ho!" they shouted.

The game was to see how near you could come without cutting. To avoid hurt, the dancers required quick eyes and agile bodies. The blades flashed like meteors in the shifting light, wheeling and slashing and stabbing. In the beginning Kara forced the pace. Nikka retired before her, rather than risk doing her harm. But slowly he assumed the mastery. His knife was always at her throat, and active as she was, he refused to be shaken off. She fended desperately, panting now, bright-eyed and flushed. But he pressed her. Their blades clashed, he gave her a twist, and hers dropped from her hand.

He seized her, forcing her back across his knee, knife upraised to strike, while the fiddles clutched at one's necks and the cymbals clanged with wicked glee.

Mass Attack on Patient.

An interesting experiment, which may mark a new era in the history of medical treatment, is being tried at 88 Brookstreet, W. In view of its experimental nature, publicity was not sought, but the venture is too interesting to hide, in the opinion of a London Answers writer.

The scheme is to secure the advantages of a board of medical experts in one house, where patients may be examined and have a diagnosis of the whole board's opinion. That is to say, they do not depend upon the opinion of one man, but have their cases discussed after their visit by fourteen specialists, representing various branches of the medical profession.

When the patient's trouble has been diagnosed a report is sent to the patient's family doctor, with advice as to treatment.

The waiting room of this institution Harley street is a cheerful room, the walls and curtains being pale primrose, the carpet a warm gray, and the furniture carried out the blue brocade. Old copies of "Punch" are barred. Thus the trembling patient goes to his consultation in a spirit of good cheer.

Plants Live to Old Age.

That common herbaceous plants can live to a great age is proved by the record of Mr. F. J. Allen of Cambridge, who has a fern over 60 years old. About 1872 he found his specimen on the Mendip hills, he informs Nature, and transferred it to his father's garden, where it has flourished ever since. In 1917, as it was in danger of being choked by surrounding shrubs, Mr. Allen transplanted his fern, and it is now as vigorous and as young in appearance as the original plant 50 years ago. As the plant was of unknown age when found, and looks no older after 50 years, its capacity for life seems indefinite.

A Pity.

Some people take so much pleasure in telling what they know that it is a pity they know so little.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Philosophical Strategy.

There is a vast difference between humiliating another with harsh words and raising yourself in his estimation.

FAI MEN HAVE ADVANTAGE

Under Certain Conditions They Are Able to Endure More Than Their Slimmer Comrades.

In the diligent research made into questions of temperature, and the effect of heat on the physical condition, by the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers, in co-operation with the United States bureau of mines and the Carnegie Institute of Technology, it was discovered that fat men endure high temperatures and excessive humidity better than thin men, and, further, that the drinking of ice water when overheated does not necessarily have evil effects.

"It has frequently been stated," says the report, "that workers exposed to high temperatures developed severe cramps after drinking ice water. A few of the subjects of these experiments volunteered to drink ice water after about an hour's exposure to high temperature, and two of them, in one experiment, drank a quart of ice water. In less than fifteen minutes without ill effects. Cramps did not develop in any of the subjects at any time."

On entering and leaving the specially heated chamber, the report shows less of weight varied with the individual, the heavier and stouter men losing more than the light and thin one. Notwithstanding this, the lighter men, as a rule, could not endure the temperature conditions as long, and complained more of the exhaustion which followed.

SWEDEN SAVES HER FORESTS

Country Has Comprehensive System Which Has Materially Added to the National Wealth.

Reforestation has been carried on in Sweden as a general practice for so many years that there are no cut-over lands such as one sees in this section of the country, according to E. J. Hanzlik, local forest examiner in the United States forestry service, who recently returned from Sweden, where he studied for a year as a fellow of the American-Scandinavian foundation. "Sentiment is crystallized in Sweden so that forestry is an established thing," Mr. Hanzlik said.

Mr. Hanzlik is the first forestry representative of the Pacific coast who ever was sent abroad by the foundation. He attended the Swedish forestry institute in Stockholm and studied at the headquarters of the Swedish forest service and experiment station. The purpose of the fellowship is to assist in an exchange of ideas between countries.

Wages in Sweden are generally much lower than in Oregon, Mr. Hanzlik said. "The average wage in Sweden is \$1.50 and \$2 for the man who is working in the woods or in the saw-mills, he added.

Horsepower Machine.

Individuals who claim to feel as "strong as a horse" may now have the opportunity to put their strength to a test. A device known as the elastometer, which gauges the strength of human beings in terms of horsepower, has been perfected. It consists of a bicycle transmission and a handwheel geared to a cylinder, which offers resistance to the motion of the transmission. The person being tested is required to maintain the velocity of the resisting cylinder at a predetermined number of revolutions per minute. When the machine is in motion a weight brake is gradually applied until the revolutions fall below a given standard. The weight registers upon a scale beam, on which the horsepower is the unit of measure.

Net a Silver Lining.

Just before the children, Mattie, Sadie, Sam and Lint, were to go away to school, their uncle, who was paying their tuition, called them to him. Visions of a bountiful allowance danced before the eyes of the young scholars, especially the boys.

They walked the hot and dusty mile, up hill, to their uncle's house. Dullfully they listened to a lecture of "do's" and "don'ts." Finally uncle reached into his "money" pocket.

He pulled out some stamps. To each child he gave enough stamps to last all term. The boys looked chagrined. The girls giggled at the boys. All thanked him and trudged the mile to their home.

Santo Domingo's Sad Story.

When Columbus first landed on Santo Domingo the native population numbered, according to the lowest estimate, 1,000,000 souls. Fifteen years of cruelty and oppression sufficed to reduce their number to less than 60,000, says the Detroit News. Twenty-five years later a wretched remnant of this once happy people, 600 in number, were, through the benevolent exertions of Fr. Las Casas, established in a village by themselves under the last of their chiefs. For many years not a single pure-blooded descendant has existed.

North River Lower Hudson.

The application of the name North river to the lower part of the Hudson dates back to the time of the early Dutch settlement in New Jersey. North river is the historic name of the lower course of the river which flows between Manhattan and the Jerseys. It was north of the New Jersey settlements, just as the Delaware was south, and the two rivers were known to the Dutch colonists as the North river and the South river respectively. —Wide World Magazine.

Fear and Anger.

Fear and anger are differently developed in different animals. A frog or a rabbit has only fear, while tigers and weasels usually show only anger. Some men are built the same way. Fear and anger are, therefore, opposite moods, the first the impeller of flight, the second of fight.

WALKING MAY BE LOST ART

American People Seem to Care for Nothing but Wheels as Method of Locomotion.

Recently the Department of Commerce announced that automobile production for May totaled 34,000 pleasure cars and 42,817 trucks. Now there is issued a corrected statement showing that there were manufactured in that month a total of 350,189 passenger motors and 42,883 trucks, says the Cleveland Times-Commercial.

Conservative estimates have placed the number of automobiles in use in America at the beginning of 1923 at between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000. That means machines equal to approximately 10 per cent of the population. Using the old basis of five persons to a family, we discover that about half the families in the country can ride in their own automobiles.

Since January 1 there has been produced in the United States a total of approximately 1,500,000 new passenger cars and about 125,000 trucks. The increase has been substantial each month. For instance, in January passenger cars manufactured totaled 228,703, so it will be seen by making comparisons that the industry has shown remarkable activity.

Unless there should be a change in the situation, obviously new passenger cars manufactured this year will reach the record number of about 3,500,000, with 250,000 trucks. Considering these figures with the total cars in use at the beginning of 1923, one need not be an expert mathematician to discover that within another ten years this will literally be a nation on wheels if the present rate of production continues.

These statements may indicate a sorry day for "Dobbin" and the "Old Gray Mare." But they certainly reflect the general prosperity of the American people.

MUCH LIKE ORDINARY BOY

English-Lord as a Youth Succumbed to the Temptations of a Strawberry Patch.

The best of berries figured as a triumphant tempter in the biographies of statesmen. Years ago at Eton there was a spacious garden near the school, celebrated for the size and flavor of its strawberries, and the proprietor made so many complaints of loss that Mr. Austen Leigh was deputed by the head master to catch the offenders. He kept watch, and swooped down upon one offender as he emerged from the garden. There was a tussle in a ditch, then the boy broke away, crawled to the middle of the road, sat down, and solemnly addressed Mr. Leigh as "You beast!"

The result was the appearance before the head master a few hours later of Lord Randolph Churchill. One cannot imagine such an escapade in the youth of Mr. Gladstone; but there is a note of Lord Morley's at Biarritz in 1891: "Mr. G. did not appear at table today, suffering from a surfeit of wild strawberries the day before." —Manchester Guardian.

Gait of the Ostrich.

A man who has been engaged in ostrich farming in South Africa for some years corrects a prevalent misconception concerning the manner in which these great birds run. It is generally stated that, when running, the ostrich spreads out its wings and thus skims lightly along the ground, but according to the authority mentioned, this is not correct. In reality, when an ostrich settles itself to run, it holds its head lower than usual and a little forward, with a deep loop in the neck. The neck vibrates alternately, but the head remains steady, thus enabling the bird, even at top speed, to look around with unshaken glance in any direction. The wings lie along the sides about on a level with, or a little higher than, the back, and are held loosely just free of the plunging thigh. There is no attempt to hold them extended, or to derive any assistance from them as organs of flight.—Washington Star.

His Misinformation.

They were dining at a fashionable restaurant, the Customers' Man and the Gospel.

"See that man over there?" said the latter.

"Yes."

"Well, he is James R. Smith from Peoria, Ill."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, he's just made \$200,000 in the market."

"Well, dear boy," said the Customers' Man, "you're wrong four ways."

"Indeed?"

"Yes—his name is Howard R. Jones."

"Yes?"

"And he is from Springfield, Mass."

"Yes?"

"And the amount was not \$200,000."

"No?"

"It was \$20,000."

"Yes?"

"And he lost it."—Boston Globe.

The Truth Helps.

"Women," observed the man who had just failed to better a pair of sixes, "are funny animals."

"Yeah?" absently replied the fellow who was nursing along three treys.

"Yeah—no, I'm out of this pot. Yeah, if you want to get away with anything, just tell them the truth because they won't believe it. I told my wife I was going to play poker tonight and she pretty near laughed her head off. She knows damn well I've gone to a lecture at the Y. M. C. A. I'm such a darn liar."—American Legion Weekly.

Training That Is Thorough.

Approximately 30 students of the University of Washington department of maritime commerce are now at sea in positions on Oriental liners plying the Pacific ocean, as a part of their course of training in various lines of work in the steamship business.

Watch—Your Pocket Book!!



Illustration describes how to make **BEST—PURE—PAINT** For \$2.82 a Gallon **L&M SEMI-PASTE PAINT** is White Lead and Costly White Zinc to assure longest years of wear, as proven by 50 years of utmost satisfactory use. **LEAST COST**—because in Semi-Paste form, and therefore you mix 3 quarts of Linseed Oil into each gallon, and so make 1 1/4 gallons Pure Paint for \$2.82 per gallon. For Sale by

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ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Estate of Hazel M. Jones

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice of the appointment by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham of William H. Jones, Administrator of the estate of Hazel M. Jones, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and his qualification by giving bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said court according to law, beginning Sept. 1st, A. D. 1923.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk. WM. H. JONES, Administrator.

Probate Court, Middletown, R. I., August 30, A. D. 1923.

Estate of Anna L. Lethrop

EVERETT H. WALDRON presents to this Court his petition in writing, praying that himself, or some other suitable person, be appointed Administrator of the estate in Rhode Island of his mother, Anna L. Lethrop, widow, late of the city of Taunton, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, who deceased intestate.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Probate Court to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the seventeenth day of September next, A. D. 1923, at one o'clock P. M., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, Estate of Laurence L. O'Connell

NOTICE is hereby given that James J. O'Connell has qualified as Administrator of the estate of Laurence L. O'Connell, late of Newport, deceased.

Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law, beginning September 8th, 1923.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

September 5th, 1923.

Gorilla Real Monarch.

The gorilla is the only beast of the forest who will attack the lion and kill him if he intrudes upon his family.

Old Furnace Reopened.

Six-hundred-year-old iron furnace using charcoal for fuel in Austria have been reopened after long idleness.

Brain Nuts for Muscles.

Able to twist iron bars into spirals, a London boy sent, seventeen years old, recommends brain nuts for the production of muscles.

Reputation.

The great difficulty is first to win a reputation; the next to keep it while you live; and the next to preserve it after you die.—B. R. Haydon.

Truth Tensely Spoken.

Lots of the people who keep up a fight are in arrears.—Washington Star.



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